

Conquest; from the difficulty, it is probable, of consulting authorities with the help of other eyes. For the subject, after much deliberation, he determined upon "Paradise Lost," which could only be justified by the success which attended its Restoration, Milton; apprehensive of danger, concealed himself close, where he remained till the passing an act secured his person and property, in common with others, and treated with such indulgence, cannot be satisfactory. About this time he removed to Jewin-street, and what he contributed very little to his domestic comfort—children in his life time, and cheated them at his death—he went to reside in the Artillery-walk, near Bunhill—of which concludes the register of his removals.

He failed to divide his time between state affairs and his studies was hardly possible for him to accomplish any literary great importance, but, on quitting the office of Latin left to the free exercise of his mental energies, which he enjoyed upon a subject better suited to the extensive range intended to take, than that he had chosen. The "Paradise Lost" has been written at different times, and sold on the 27th to Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds; further agreement for the same sum when fifteen hundred copies should be disposed of, and again, five pounds when a number should be sold of the second edition, and another similar sale of the third. All the editions were limited to 1000 copies. The third edition was published in 1678; and from the copy then devolved, sold all her claims to Simmons whence it will appear, that the sum of twenty pounds constitutes the entire remuneration for a performance which, immortalized the name of the poet, conferred an honour equally precious on the nation signalized for his birth.

After his "Paradise Lost" (1671), he published his "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained." The latter was a reduction—a preference which has ever been opposed to the public. In the last year of his life, he printed a collection of "Epistles," in Latin to these (being 100 few to form a small volume) and some academical exercises.

In his sixty-sixth year, the gout, with which he had been long prevailed over the enfeebled powers of nature. On the 10th of 1674, he quietly departed this life, at his house in Bunhill—buried next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His funeral was very splendidly and numerous attended. No marks the spot where he was interred, though a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. In his youth he was extremely handsome the colour of his hair was a light brown, many of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and complexion of fair and ruddy. His stature was about the middle

DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY

ON THE

POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON

speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendour of his poetic fame has tended to obscure & conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day,—that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soul, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age, and he had no dread of a cumulating knowledge lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might, which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thought, which could bind together by living ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountain of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well, the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had been explored. His various philological attainments

were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, mathematics, physics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of the universal culture of intellect, which forms one disjunction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universal, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondences and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one to another field of thought, and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed, by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as our first light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts, of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great work with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts, for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature, we mean of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality, but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being, are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty, though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of his earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought, and poetry is the form in

which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it makes all things new for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind, but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities, breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature, imparts to material objects life, and sentiment and emotion, and invests the mind with the power and splendours of the outward creation, describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those moods of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublimation, which manifests itself for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings, but it obeys higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect, it is trying and developing its best faculties, and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity, that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been the instrument of vice, the purser of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power, and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn and indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties of universal being, and through the righteousness of its prophetic visions helps forth to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views

and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny, nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open up new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the latter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineation of life, for the present life which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the material of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity, the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with almost superhuman energy, the innocence and irrepressible joy of infancy, the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes, of youth, the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth, woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys, and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. The power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new developement of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—Our remarks in vindication of poetry have extended beyond our original design. They have had a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet, and that is, to endear and recommend this divine art to all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature.

In delineating Milton's character as a *poet*, we are saved the necessity of looking for its distinguishing attributes. He is in truth the sublimest of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific, as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a thorn kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself the power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should 'tear hell's concave,' and to embody in their Chief an Archangel's energies, and a Demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan, seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature shows a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill, which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong and delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

This attribute of power is universally felt to characterize Milton. His sublimity is in every man's mouth. It is felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its sublimity! We apprehend that the grandeur of Milton's mind has thrown some shade over his milder beauties, and this it has done not only by being more striking and imposing, but by the tendency of vast mental energy to give a certain calmness to the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. A great mind is the master of its own enthusiasm, and does not often break out into those tumults, which pass with many for the signs of profound emotion. Its sensibility, though more intense and enduring, is more self-possessed and less perturbed, than that of other men, and is therefore less observed and felt except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feeling. We might quote pages in illustration of the qualities here ascribed to Milton. Turn to *Comus*, one of his earliest productions. What sensibility breathes in the descriptions of the benighted Lady's singing by *Comus* and the Spirit!

COMUS

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

DR CHANNING'S ESSAY ON

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause
Yet they in pleasing slumber full'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself
But such a sacred and home felt delight,
Such sober certainty of walking bliss,
I never heard till now

Lines 241—254

STUART

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

Lines 333—352

In illustration of Milton's tenderness, we will open almost at a venture

Now morn, her rosy steps o'er the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was very light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and summing rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill martin song
Of birds on every bough, so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces, then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathe,
Her hand soft touching whisper'd thus Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift my ever new delight
Awake the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet

Par Lost, b v lines 1—25

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
 Put silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped the same with her hair,
 Two other precious drops that ready fell
 Fresh in their crystal source, before they fell
 Had, as the graciousness of sweet remorse
 And pleasure, their start'd to have offend'd!

Ibld. b. v. Lines 120—125

From this very brief view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we are led to his great work, *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and affecting such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer farer than those which enrapture Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the whole which surrounds him. It is from the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible forces of nature. We are unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have, as indeed in Satan, those bursts of passion, which rive the soul as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good, whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the power of mind. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pain which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind, and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with

the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan's Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incite without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet, for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood.

Par. Lost b. i. lines 103—19

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature, on each hand the flames
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave him midst a horrid vale

Ibid 221—224

We have more which we would gladly say of the delineation of Satan, especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which, all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened

by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benediction, and happiness of their author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which sprays and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth the fulness of their affection; and still it is serene, for it is the love of happy beings who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and shame, who, 'unparadise'd in one another's arms,' scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents, for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and widow-mad love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of 'thoughts which wander through eternity.' Still, there are times, when the spirit, oppress'd with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for 'the wings of a dove, that it might fly away,' and take refuge amidst the 'shady bowers,' the 'vernal airs,' the 'roses without thorns,' the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which give to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said that the English language has no good trivial poetry. We would ask, in what age or country has the pastor's reed breathed such sweet strains as are borne to us on 'the odoriferous wings of gentle gales,' from Milton's Paradise?

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated, the Harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity, of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever form the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sounds are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames in sounds, motions and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing, that it is characterised by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius which we find in Shakspeare, whose

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PARADISE LOST.

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BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed then touches the primo cause of his fall, the serpent or rather Satan in the serpent, who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described, here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed,) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astomished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him they confer of their miserable fall Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battlo, their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven, for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises suddenly built out of the deep the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of chaos or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, than Siloa's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st, thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And madest it pregnant what in me is dark,
 Illumine, what is low, raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides,
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 The infernal Serpent, he it was, whose guile
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurld headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,

With ludeous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantyne chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal : but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath, for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation, waste and wild,
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames,
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell hope never comes
 That comes to all but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole
 O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beelzebub To whom the arch enemy,
 And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began

'If thou beest he, but O, how fall'n ! how chang'd
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendant brightness, didst outshine

Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin into what pit thou seest
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his thunder and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
 And shook his throne What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost, the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome,
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and do his power
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
 This downfall since by fate the strength of gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail
 Since through experience of this great event
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy,
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.
 So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer.

'O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
 That led the embattled seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
 Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep,
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied

'Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering, but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil,
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, with loud
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heaven received us falling, and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
 If not, what resolution from despair'

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
 With head up lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
 Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays
 So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay

Chai'd on the burning lake • nor ever thence
 Had risen, or heaved his head ; but that the will
 And high permission of all ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs ,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others , and, enraged, might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
 On man by him seduced , but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature , on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft; incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight , till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ,
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke 'such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet Him follow'd his next mate
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power
 ' Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
 Said then the lost archangel, ' this the seat
 That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right , farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,

Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time :
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least
 We shall be free, the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven
 But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,
 The associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd in the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd ' Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their inchoate pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lie
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
 As we awhile, astounded and amazed,
 No wonder fall'n such a pernicious height.'

He scarce ⁱⁿ God of athen the superior fiend
 Was moving that swim thore his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, and round,
 Behind him cast, the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fiesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her potty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel forms who lay intranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
 High over-arch'd, imbower, or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Basiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot-wheels so thick bestrewn,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded 'Princes, potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from heaven's gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men went to watch

On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel,
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warpling on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,
 Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
 Of their great sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain
 A multitude like which the populous north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danav, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band,
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great commander, godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, princely dignities,
 And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities

Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet a'loof
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea often placed
Within his sameuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Bashan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiser heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim, in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Sion's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale to the asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enthrall'd
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell
 With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
 These feminine, for spirits, when they please,
 Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh, but in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their aery purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods, for which their heads as low
 Bore down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes With these in troop
 Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of heaven with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sodomian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Zion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on the officious mountain built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded, the love tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,

His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish, yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, diheaded through the coast,
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds
 Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams
 He also against the house of God was bold
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
 Ahar his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods
 Whom he had vanquish'd After these appear'd
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
 Rather than human Nor did Israel 'scape
 The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
 The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
 Lkening his Maker to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating gods
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself, to him no temple stood,
 Or altar smoked, yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God?

In courts and palaces he also reign'd,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their lofty towers,
 And injury and outrage, and when night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine
 Witness the streets of Solon, and that night
 In Gibeon, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape
 These were the prime in order and in might
 The rest were long to tell though far renowned,
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's race, and old
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Lacedaemon's,
 Their boasted parents Titan, heaven's first born,
 With his enormous brood, and his bright son
 By younger Saturn, he from his father Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like mortals fell;
 So Jove usurping reign'd the first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven, or on the Delphic cliffs,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the branches
 Of Doric land, or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
 Downcast and damp, yet such whimpering
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself, which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue, but he, his wonted smile
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears;
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions he appear'd
 His mighty standard that proud honour clad
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colours waving, with them rose
 A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable, anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as rais'd
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat.
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, and now
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: he through the armed files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods,
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
 Glories, for never, since created man,
 Met such embodied force, as named with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cianes, though all the giant brood
 Of Phlœgra with the heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side

Mix'd with auxiliar powers a world re-
 In fable or romance of Lilleracon
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
 And all who since, oppos'd or hind'ring,
 Joust'd in Aspromont or Montallan
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebizand,
 Or whome Iberia sent from Africk's shore,
 When Charlemain in vain all his peerage led
 By Fontenoy. Thus far the Lillians
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander; he, above the rest
 In shape and stature proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower, his form and feature set
 All his original bright'ness, nor appear'd
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
 Of glory obscured, as when the sun, new-risen,
 Looks through the horizon'd ruddy air
 Shorn of his beams, or first beheld the morn,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and to all fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Dark'nd so, yet above
 Above them all the archangel, but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had outspread; and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and consideration pride,
 Waiting revenge, cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain:
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak, whereto their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held them mute
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth, at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way
O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty! and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter, but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd,
By me, have lost our hopes But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom and his regal state,
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked, our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not, that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour, equal to the sons of heaven,
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere,
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature peace is despair'd,

Stanced from the lake a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Tevering each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
 By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathe
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pillars round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave, nor did there want
 Cornices or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven,
 The roof was fretted gold Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury The ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement, from the arched roof
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
 And some the architect his hand was known
 In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright
 Nor was his name unheard or undor'd
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulerber, and how he fell
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements from morn

Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pile course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jound music charm his ear
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sit,
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Irequent and fall. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search, Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest bestir themselves several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven, with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of roval state, waiien far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence, and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
Powers and dominions, deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n
Did first create your leader, next, free choice,

With what busines, in council or in fight,
 Hath been relieved of merit; yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Established in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Lury from each inferior, but who here
 Will eary whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greater share
 Of endles pain? Where there is then no good
 For such to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction, for none sure will claim in heil
 Precedence, none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritances of old,
 Surer to prove it than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and, by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,

We now debate, who can advise, may speak.

He chose, and I next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
 Cared not to be at all, with that care lost,
 Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not and these words thereafter spake

'My sentence is for open war of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not, them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,

Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once,
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer, when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels, and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat descent and fall
 To us is adverse Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborous flight
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then,
 The event is fear'd, should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction, if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
 Where pain of nextingishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
 Call us to penance? More destroyed than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing, and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belsh, in not more graceful and humane,
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit
But all was false and hollow: though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began

'I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate: if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success,
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge
'First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions: or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted: and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair we must expiate
 The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion! And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry God
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
 Is doubtful, that he never will, is sure
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war, We're decreed,
 Reserved, and destin'd, to eternal woe,
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled remain, pursued, and struck
 With heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-ought
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then from'd
 A refuge from those wounds, or when we lay
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads, while we perhaps,
 - Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,

There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades, for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
 All these our motions vain, sees, and derides.
 Not more almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
 By my advice, since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust,
 That so ordains this was at first resolved,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror this is now
 Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied
 With what is punish'd, whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour, or, inured, not feel,
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe'

Thus Behai, with words clothed in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace, and after him thus Murmor spake

'Either to dethrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost him to throne we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection, with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight, how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty, before the easy yoke,
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place so'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,

And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
 Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence, and what can heaven show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements; these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper, which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils with regard
 Of what we are, and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when world-wreck'd return
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance,
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest, such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them, and no less desire
 To found this better empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heaven
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state, deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 And princely council in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin, sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

The regret of mightiest monarchs, his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

'Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heat
 Laceral virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd
 Princes of hell! for so the popular vote
 In lines here to continue, and build up here.
 A growing empire, doubtless, while we dream,
 And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd,
 This place our dungeon not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From his high jurisdiction, in new leagues
 Banded against his throne, but to remain
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
 Let her the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude, for he, he sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king and of his kingdom lose no part
 In our revolt, but over hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us all, as with his golden throne in heaven
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable terms of peace yet none
 Worshipp'd or sought, for what peace will be given
 To us, but custody so ere,

Of some new race, call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of Him who rules above, so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath,
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd
 Thither let us bend our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best
 By force or subtlety Though heaven be shut,
 And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may be exposed,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset either with hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The puny habitants, or, if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon Advise, if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires Thus Beelzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel first devised,
 By Satan, and in part proposed, for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes with full assent

They vote whereat he thus his speech reverts.

'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which, from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat, perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re enter heaven, or else in some wild zone
Dwell not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his very flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can it
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage, for, on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies'

This said, he sat, and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astomish'd none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage, till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake

'O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light,
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
 And thus imperial sovereignty adorn'd
 With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
 Terror of heaven, though fallen! Intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render hell
 More tolerable, if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all. this enterprise
 None shall partake but me. Thus saying, rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd.

And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
 Forbidding, and at once with him they rose.
 Their rising all at once, was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone: and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,
 Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief!
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element,
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower,
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their nests renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational though under hope
 Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.
 The Stygian council thus dissolved and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
 And god like imitated state him round

A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result
 Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By herald's voice explain'd, the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields,
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns
 Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind, hell scarce holds the wild uproar,
 As when Alcides, from Cechalla crown'd
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Ceta threw
 Into the Euboe sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance
 Their song was partial, but the harmony

(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more swif
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
 Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlegethon,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Throws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice.
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and mount Casius old,

Where armies whole have sunk the parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effects of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled,
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink,
 But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest Through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire
 Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial wings
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs, they, on the trading flood,
 Through the wide Ethiopiam to the Cape,
 Ply stemming mightily toward the pole so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof
 And thrice threefold the gates, threefold were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape,
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting, about her middle round
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bawl'd
 With wide Corborean mouths, full loud, and ring
 A hideous peal, yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore,
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms The other shape,
 If shape it might be called that shape had none,
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired
 Admired, not fear'd, God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began
 ' Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way.
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven '
 To whom the goblin full of wrath replied
 ' Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud, rebellious arms,
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
 Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and paucs unfelt before
 So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
 More dreadful and deform On the other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war Each at the head
 Levell'd his deadly aim their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With heaven's artillery fought, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,

Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air.
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood,
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe and now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress, the first
 Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between

'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cried,
 'Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
 For him who sits above and laughs thee while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.'

She spake, and at her words the hellish post
 Forebore, then these to her Satan return'd

'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange,
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art thus double form'd, and why
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.'

To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied
 'Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
 In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined
 In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,

Out of thy head I sprung, amazement seized
 All the host of heaven, back they recoil'd afraid
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
 Portentous held me, but familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most perverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
 Becamest enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,
 Through all the empyrean down they fell,
 Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
 Into this deep, and in the general fall
 I also, at which time this powerful key
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd but he my imbrued enemy
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out, Death!
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, Death!
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul,
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived,
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb

That bred them they return and howl, and gaww
 My bowels, their repast, then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 When ever that shall be, so fate pronounced
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist'

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

'Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys'
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Be fallen us, unforeseen, unthought of, know,
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
 Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immen-
 To search with wandering quest a place for to'd
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
 Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
 Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and, thus once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the breeze air, embalm'd
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immaculably; all things shall be your prey.
 He ceased, for both seem'd fright'ned, and Death
 Giv'n'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His fate thus show'd to be fill'd, and told us now
 Nestled to that goal heur, no less rejoiced
 His mother had, and thus he spoke her care
 'The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of he's all powerful King,
 I keep, by his forb'iden to unlock
 These adamant'ne gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to int'repose his dart,
 Fearless to be c'entatch'd by living might
 But what awe I feel's commands above
 Who hate me, and ha'th rather thrust me down
 Into this gloom of T-tarus profound,
 Than in his awful office here confined,
 Inhabitant of Heaven, and I heavenly-born,
 Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
 With torments and with clamours comprid round
 Of mine own brood, that on my wounds feed?
 Thou art my father, thou art, an' thou
 My being gavest me, whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of Light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, & here I shall regret
 At thy right hand volutions, as beams
 Thy daughter, and thy darling, w'out end.
 Thus saying, from her side she fatal key,
 Self instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And, towards the gate rolling her back'd tram,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew.
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers,
 Could once have moved; then in the key's turns
 The intricate words, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power, the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame,
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place, are lost, where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms, they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and pose
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray,
 By which he reigns next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith
 He had to cross Nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and rumous (to compare

Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,
 With all her battering engines bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast earth At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Up'fled spurns the ground, thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
 Audacious, but, that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacancy all unawares
 Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft, that fury staid,
 Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
 Nor good dry land nigh founde'd on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying, behoves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale
 Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,
 At length, a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence, thither he plies,
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever power
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light, when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep, with him enthroned
 Sat sable vested Night, eldest of things,

The consort of his reign, and by thom stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon, Rumour next and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all embrod'd,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths
 To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: 'Ye powers
 And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with heaven, or if some other place,
 From your dominion won, the ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course,
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 (Which is my present journey,) and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge'
 Thus Satan, and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech, and visage incompas'd,
 Answer'd 'I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded, and heaven gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night first, hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;

Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
 To that side heaven from whence your legions fell :
 If that way be your walk, you have not far .
 So much the nearer danger , go, and speed ,
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain ' .

He ceased ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But, glâd that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way , harder beset,
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd,
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he ,
 But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
 Of this frail world - by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro,
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night,
 A glimmering dawn here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shroud and tackle torn,

Or in the emptier waste, resembling *Ær*,
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat :
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created, shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand, foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man, but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice, man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and, therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth, commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb, where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun, he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed alights first on mount of Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,

Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphic lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp, but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and dispere, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye,
 His own works, and their works, at once to view
 About him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
 Benediction past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son, on earth he first beheld
 Our first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Bearing immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, univall'd love,
 In blissful solitude, he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,
 In the dus air sublime, and ready now,
 To stoop with reared wings, and willing feet,
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land embosom'd without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake
 'Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chain-
 Heav'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt, can hold: so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
 Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created world,
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay

If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert:
 For man will hearken to his glosing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny Who's fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have, I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall
 Such I created all the ethereal powers
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fell'd,
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive,
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had served necessity,
 Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination over ruled
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge, they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I, if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge, and what they choose, for so
 I form'd them free and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves, I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordained their fall,
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self tempted, self depraved man falls, deceived
 By the other first, man therefore shall find grace,

The other none in mercy and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine'

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace
Which uttering, thus he to his father spake

'O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace,
For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest'
For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught?
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet, with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both,
Be questioned and blasphemed without defence'

To whom the great Creator thus replied
'O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, just and the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that dart upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd

'Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace,
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprovoked, unsummoned, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming, he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost,
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring
Behold me, then, me for him, life for life,
I offer, on me let thine anger fall,
Account me man, I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased, on me let Death wreak all his rage
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd, thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd
I through the ample air in triumph high

Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and take
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
 Pleased, out of heaven 'rill look down and smile,
 While, by thee rais'd, I run all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave.
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace and love
 And reconciliation, with shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his raptur'd eye
 Silent yet spake, and breathed many a tale
 To mortal men, above which e'erly tongue
 I'thal obedience, as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Adoration sent
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
 Wondering, but soon the Almighty thus replied.

"O thou in heaven and earth the only Son
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou,
 My sole complacence! what thou hast not but a debt
 To me are all my works, nor mean the least,
 Though last created, that for him I should
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lose
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join,
 And be thyself man among men on earth
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth, be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored
 As many as are restored, without thee not.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit,
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,

And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found,
 By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high, because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
 Anointed universal King; all power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits, under thee, as head supreme,
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce,
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell
 When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and angels, they arraign'd, shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And, after all their tribulations long,

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all thy'sties,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as tre'

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
 To heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss thro' midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysium flowers her amber stream,
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks interwolv'd with beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in heaven
 'Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King, thee, Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest

The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold, on thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 The aspiring dominations, thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on man him, through their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexempl'd love!
 Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin
 Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe

Of this round world, whose first corner divides
 The luminous inferior orb, enclosed
 From Chaos, and the inward of darkness obli,
 Satan alighted walks a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seem a boundless continent,
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night,
 Starless exposed, and over-threatening eternal
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
 Though distant far, some smil' reflection casts
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest hail:
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field
 As when a vulture on Ircas bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yambling lilies,
 On hills where sheeps are fed, sheer to the sky the apt:
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams:
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Soricana, where Chinozes drive
 With sails and wind their cam' waggoned gait.
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone beat on his prey,
 Alone, for other creature in that place,
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither, like aerial vapours, flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life,
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds,
 All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here:
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd,

Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
 First from the ancient world those giants came,
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennash, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build,
 Others came single, he, who to be deem'd
 A god, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
 Empedocles, and he, who, to enjoy,
 Plato's *Elysium*, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in heaven,
 And they, who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd,
 And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untr'd
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he vander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste

His travell'd steps - far distant he descried
 Ascending by degrees magnificient
 Up to the wall of heaven a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd, thick with sparkling orient gold
 The portal shone, immittal like on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn
 The stairs were such as I here in Jacob saw,
 Angels ascending and descending, heard
 Of guardians bright, when he from Canaan fled
 To Padan Aram, in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cried, 'This is the gate of heaven.'
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the tide,
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds,
 The stairs were then let down, whether to descend
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravated
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss,
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide
 Wider by far than that of after times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promised Land, to God so drew,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choicest regard
 From Peneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore,
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bounds the ocean wave
 Sit on hence now on the lower stair,
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once . As yhen a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gono
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :
 Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair
 Round he surveys, (and well might, where he stood
 So high above the culling canopy
 Of night's extended shade), from eastern point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
 Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Downright into the world's first region throw
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone,
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds ;
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
 Thrice happy isles ; but who dwelt happy there
 Ho stay'd not to inquire, above them all
 The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
 Allured his eye, thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispensos light from far, they, as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering gaze
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd

By his magnetic beam, th'at gently varies
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle peretration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep,
 So wondrously was set his station bright
 There lands the end, a spot like which, perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
 Through his glazed optics take yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone,
 Not all parts like, but all still inform'd
 With radiant light, as glazing iron with fire,
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear,
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the touch that stone
 In Aaron's breast plate, and a stone besides
 Imagined rather oft than else e'er seen,
 That stone, or like to that, which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their powerful art they try
 Volatile Hermes, and call up a bound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Draw'd through a lumber to its native form
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 The arch chymic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the drossy met
 Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands:
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shew,
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand
 The same whom John saw also in the sun,

His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid,
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, sledge with wings,
 Lay waving round, on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd or fl'd, in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land him Satan thus accosts
 'Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend,
 And here are likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
 To visit oft this new creation round,
 Unspeakable desire to see and know,
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wondrous he unfold,
 Hath brought me from the choir of cherubim
 Alone thus wondering Brightest seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath now
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
 That I may find him and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration, him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these glorious powers
 That both in him and all things, as thou seest,
 The universal Father is very present,
 Who justly hath drive out his rebel sons
 To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of men
 To serve him better who are all his way.

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that is
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through heaven and earth;
 And oft, though wisdom will, suspicion slips
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks not ill
 Where no ill seems which not for once he would
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
 The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven,
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In his uprightness, answer thus return'd

'Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches ^{obstacle} ~~obstacle~~ at rather merits praise
 The more ^{shine} ~~shine~~, as ^{excess} ~~excess~~, that led thee hither
 From this ^{real} ~~real~~ mansion thus alone,
 To wit ^{with} ~~with~~ thine eyes what some perhaps
 Contend ^{with} ~~with~~ report, hear only in heaven
 For wonderful indeed are all his works
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend

Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mould, came to a heap
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined,
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire
 And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,
 The rest in circuit wills this universe.
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines,
 That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
 With borrow'd light her countenance transform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode ; those lofty shades, his bower
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
 Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan, bowing low,
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor stay'd till on Niphates' top he lights

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT

Satan, now in prospect of L'ien, and rich shap'ns where he most intend
 tempt the be'l enterprise which he had took a'gainst God and
 man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy,
 and despair, but a' length confirms him 'till evil, from a' fear to bold-
 ness, whose outward prospect and situation is described, as he sits in
 the garden, to look about him. The adventures of him, when he first
 of Adam and Eve, he wonders their excellent form and happy estate,
 but with resolution to work their fall overthrows their bliss, when he
 gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them on pain of under-
 penalty of death, and thereon intends to turn his anger, by
 inducing them to transgress, then resolves them to lose their bliss
 their state by some other means. Meanwhile he is the messenger of
 unclean wars Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, who
 some evil spirit had copy'd the deep, and so was by his spirit
 in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, he viewed about the
 furious go'ares in the mou. Gabriel returns to tell him the
 morning high coming on, Adam as he had was sleeping in the
 rest, their bower described, their evening worship. Gabriel, joining
 forth his hands of night-watch to rule the round of Paradise, appoints
 two strong angels to Adam's tower, but he comes, and shall be, though
 doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping, there is, and he at the
 ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, a' length when, though he was ill,
 Gabriel, by whom questioned, he scornfully returns, proposes a
 distance, but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, on that warning voice, which he who saw
 The Apocalypse, I could cry in heaven aloud,
 Then when the Dragon, put to record rout,
 Came furious down to be revenged on man,
 'Woe to the inhabitants on earth' that now,
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and 'scape I,
 Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare for row
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
 The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,

To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him ; for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step no more than from himself, can fly,
 By charge of place, nor conscience wakes despair,
 That slumber'd ; wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower -
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.
 ' O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this now world, at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven, against heav'n's matchless King
 Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none, nor was his service hard
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high
 I 'sdan'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment glut

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged, what burden is, that
 O had his powerful destiny inclin'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had sedg'd
 Ambition! Yet why lost I such other power
 As great might have oppos'd, and war, though mine
 Drawn to his part, in other powers engag'd
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptation arm'd
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to will
 Thou hadst, whom hast thou then oppos'd to Heaven,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe
 Nay, cursed be thou, since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly tries
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven
 O, then, at last relent! is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission, and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vanities
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so true;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery such joy ambition finds.

PARADISE LOST

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state, 'how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void
 For never can true reconciliation grow -
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall, so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart
 This knows my punisher, therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost,
 Evil, be thou my good by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld,
 For heavenly muns from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge,
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort, his gesture fierce
 He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then, alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen,
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied; and over-head up grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of statest view Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung,
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeard, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath shower'd the earth so lovely seem'd
 That landscape and of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came to their bane, though with them better pleased
 Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
 From Media past to Egypt, there fast bound
 Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow,
 But further way found none, so thick entwined

-As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way
 One gale there only was, and that look'd east
 On the other side, which, when the arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and, in contempt,
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
 Of hull or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold,
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles,
 So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold,
 So since into his church lewd hirelings clumb
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a cormorant yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd but sat devising death
 To them who lived, nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only used
 For prospect, what well-used had been the pledge
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right,
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
 To all delight of human sense expos'd,
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heaven on earth for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted, Eden stretch'd her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd

Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold , and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd , for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden , thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ,
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature's boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bowers thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view ,
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm
 Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste ,
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hilloock , or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose ,

Another side umbrageous grotts and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant, meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed; or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams
 The birds their choir apply, airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive, nor that Nyseian isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Uram,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye,
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, inclosed by shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange,
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all
 And worth seem'd, for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
 Whence true authority in men, though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd,
 For contemplation he and valour form'd;

For softness she, and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders brood
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd
 Then was not guilty shame dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
 Sim-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banished from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met,
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shide that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down, and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop'd the brimming stream
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as becoms

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:

'Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried;
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air,
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against,
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.'

To whom the warrior angel soon replied.

'To say, and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
'Satan. and couldst thou 'faithful' add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
'Army of fiends, fit body to fit head

Not likely to part hence without contest,
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake
'Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place,
Employ'd, it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss.
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow.
'Gabriel! thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee, but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt: Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place,
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought,
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried, and wilt object
His will who bounds us: Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd
The rest is true, they found me where they say,
But that implies not violence or harm.'

Thus he in scorn The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied
'O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed,
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,

PARADISE LOST

The lowest of your throng, or, if ye know
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
'Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure,
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.'

So spake the cherub and his grave rebuke
Sovereign in youthful beauty, and led grace
Invincible. abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined
His loss. but chiefly, to find her observed
His lustre visibly impair'd, yet seem'd
Undaunted. 'If I must contend,' said he,
'Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once, no more glory will be won,
Or less be lost.' 'Thy fear,' said Zephon bold,
'Will save us trial that the least can do

Single against thee we shall, and thence weak.'
The fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage,
But, like a proud steel rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb to strike or fly
He held it vain to give since he had quell'd
His heart, not to be dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud.

'O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Itluriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a thrail of regal port,
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure from harm
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped
 The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt.
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon, these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought, him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forgo
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, the seed rais'd
 At least dislump'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinable desires,
 Blown up with high conceits and soaring pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly, for no falchion can enslave
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness. up he starts
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the off'c'ty gun,
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king,
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

'Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to lie?
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transform'd,
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of those that sleep?

'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 'Know ye not me? ye knew me once no more
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not see:
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,

But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
 Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbesitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fan, best quitted with disdain
 These lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd Sleep on,
 Blest pair, and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more!

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunary vault,
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade,
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

'Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch, these others wheel the north
 Our circuit meets full west?' As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

'Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook,

In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made thereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shone not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night, how often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator! oft in hymn
 While they keep watch, or nightly roundly wail,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place
 Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use, the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Lamel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic, under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inter-
 Broder'd the ground, more colour'd than with store
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bowers
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph

You flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manum'ring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping greens,
 That lie bestrown, unalight, on lawns and meads,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect liberty ador'd,

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know :

So promised he, and Uriel to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
 Beneath the Azores whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
 Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,
 By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad,
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
 She all night long her amorous descant sung,
 Silence was pleased, now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires, Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw

When Adam thus to Eve ' Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God has set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
 Our eye lids other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest,
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven and all his ways,
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account
 To morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour to reform

Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,
 The rest was craggy clift, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night,
 About him exercised heroic games
 The unarm'd youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste

‘Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach or enter in
 This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
 God's latest image I described his way
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his wry gait,
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his look
 Alien from heaven, with passions soul obscured
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him one of the banish'd crew,
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find’

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
 ‘Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
 See far and wide. in at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
 Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
 No creature thence if spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st to exclude

Bending to look on me I started back,
 It started back, but pleased, I soon return'd,
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love - there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me 'What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
 With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces he
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race - What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image - back I turn'd,
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Creature!
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, oft hath thou met,
 His flesh, his bone - to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to live thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear,
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thou seek'st him
 My other half - With that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine - I yielded, and from that time
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.'

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father, half her swelling breast
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the cloud
 That shed May flowers, and press'd her maternal side
 With kisses pure: and the Devil turn'd

PARADISE LOST

This one, this easy charge of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet
 To whom thus Eve replied 'O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself can no where find
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as the expanse of heaven, I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,

Accept your Maker's work, he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give, hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings, there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unperceived,
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,
 By word or action mark'd about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Straight couches close, then rising, changing oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
 Griped in each paw when Adam first of men,
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.

'Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep

Four couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den,
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pans,
 Gamboll'd before them, the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His like proboscis, close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded, others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating, for the sun
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

'O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould, earth born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy,
 Happy, but for so happy'ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heaven
 Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd, yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied league with you I seek,
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense - yet such

With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight.
The latter quick up-flew, and lick'd the beam,
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend
'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine
Neither our own, but given what folly then
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more
Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
'To trample thee as mire for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak
If thou resist' The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft, nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shade of night

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Lamenting to Adam her troublesome dream: but over-
it not, yet comforts her, they come forth to their day labours. The
morning hymn at the door of their better God, to render man excu-
sable sends Raphael to admonish him of his disobedience, of his ill
estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and
whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down in Par-
dise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam almost
sitting at the door of his Lodge; he goes out to meet him, brings him to
his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, and
by Eve, their discourse at Eve. Raphael performs a long voyage, relates
Adam of his state and of his enemy, relates, at Adam's request, who
that enemy is, and how he came to be so, learning from his first revolt
in heaven, and the occasion thereof. How he drew his rebellious
to the parts of the north, and then incited them to rebel with him, sur-
rounding all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument discourses his
composes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern chace
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fanning rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough, so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest he, on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces, then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,

Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus 'Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight !—
 Awake the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet :—
 Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake
 'O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd, for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night, Methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine : it said,
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunè sweetest his love-labour'd song now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze—
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
 To find thee I directed then my walk,
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge ; fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven,
 By us oft seen his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia, on that tree he also gazed

And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here!
 This said, he paused not but with venturesome arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted, me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deal so bold:
 But he thus, overjoy'd O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crop'd,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit

For gods, yet able to make gods of men;
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
 Partake thou also, happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying he drew nigh, and to me held
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad

'Best image of myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear,

Yet evill whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure But know, that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief. among these Fancy next
 Her office holds of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
 Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
 Into her private cell When Nature rests,
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill-matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange, yet be not sad
 Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world.
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair
 Two other precious drops that ready stood
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste,
 But first from under shady arborous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up risen,

With wî cels yet hovering o'er the ocean brunt,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in soft strains pronounced, or sung
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair Thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of light,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise,
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st,
 Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusty or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good, and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
 So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,
 Among sweet dews and flow'rs, where any row
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reached too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces, or they led the vine
 To wed her elm, she, sponged, about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
 Raphael, the social spirit, that deign'd

To travel with Tobias, and secured
 His marriage with the seven-times wedded maid
 'Raphael,' said he, 'thou hear'st what stir on earth
 Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
 Thou findst him from the heat of noon retired,
 To respite his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free will, his will though free
 Yet mutable, whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not, too secure. tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom what enemy,
 Late fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies this let him know,
 Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake the Eternal Father; and fulfill'd
 All justice nor delay'd the winged saint,
 After his charge received; but from among
 Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew thro' the midst of heaven the angelic choirs,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all the empyreal road till, at the gate
 Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,
 On golden hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.
 From hence no cloud; or, to obstruct his sight
 Star interposed, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills As when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes,

Imagined lands and regions in the moon :
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
 A cloudy spot ~ Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal-sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
 When, to enshrine his relics in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A seraph wing'd six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine, the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament, the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
 And colours dipt in heaven, the third his feet,
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctured grain ~ Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide ~ Straight knew him all the bands
 Of angels under watch, and to his state,
 And to his message high, in honour rise
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound
 Then glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,
 A wilderness of sweets, for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted-sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmish than Adam needs,
 And Eye within, due at her hour prepared

For dinner savoury fruit, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky steers,
Berry or grape to whom thus Adam call'd.

'Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy night behest,
Eastward among these trees, what glorious shape,
Comes this way moving, seems another morn
Like on mid noon, come great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger, well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.'

'To whom thus Eve 'Adam, earth's hallo w'd remain,
Of God inspired I small store will serve, where store
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and bush,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
'To entertain our angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.'

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, elegant, but bring
Taste after taste uphold with kindest care,
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Persian coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or she
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand, for drink the grape

She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor, these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd
 Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompanied than with his own complete
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature bowing low,
 Thus said. 'Native of heaven, for other place
 None can than heaven such glorious shape contain,
 Since by descending from the thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
 Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline
 Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild
 'Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,
 To visit thee, lead on then where thy bower
 O'ershades, for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
 I have at will.' So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's labour smiled,
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells, but Eve
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
 Than wood-nymph or the fairest goddess feign'd
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from heaven, no veil
 She needed, virtue proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek, On whom the angel 'Hail!'

Bestow'd, the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

'Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heaped this table.' Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had not,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began,
Our author 'Heavenly stranger, please to taste,
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whose
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath crused
The earth to yield, unvarious food perhaps
To spiritual natures only this I know
That one celestial Father gives to all'

To whom the angel 'Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational, and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustain'd and fed. of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon,
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged,
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Supps with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees

Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with heaven, and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians; but with keen despatch
 Of real hunger, and concotive heat
 To transubstantiate what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd O innocence
 Deserving Paradise 'if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 Enamour'd at that sight, but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose,
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass
 Given him by this great conference, to know
 Of things above his world, and of their being
 Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
 Exceeded human and his wary speech
 Thus to the æmpyreal minister he fram'd
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well,
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At heaven's high feasts to have fed, yet what compare

To whom the winged hierarch replied,
 'O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not depraved from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Endued with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
 But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,
 As nearer to him placed, or nearer standing,
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green silk, from thence the sense
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower
 Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
 Person receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive, discourse
 Is, ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good.
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance Time may come, when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare.
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improved by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may, at choice,
 Here or in heavenly Paradieses dwell,
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.
 To whom the patriarch of mankind repli'd
 'O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct

Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference, when on,
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say
 What mortal that caution join'd, "If ye be found
 Obdient?" Can we want obedience then,
 To him, or possibly his love desert,
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel, "Son of heaven and earth,
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God,
 That thou continuest such owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand
 True was that caution given thee be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,
 And good he made thee; but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
 Inextinguishable, or strict necessity
 Our voluntary service he requires.
 Not our necessitated such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds,
 On other surety none freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not, in this we stand or fall
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from heaven to deepest hell, O fall
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"
 To whom our great progenitor "Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
 Aereal music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free,

Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assured me, and still assure • though what thou tel^{l'st}
 Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt within me move
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard,
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
 Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heaven

Thus Adam made request and Raphael
 After short pause assenting, thus began

'High matter thou enjoyn'st me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits
 Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought

'As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now
 Upon her centre poised, when on a day
 (For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future,) on such day
 As heaven's great year brings forth the empyreal host
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith, from all the ends of heaven, appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees,
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 'Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount whose top,
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand, your head I him appoint,
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord.
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy him who disobeys,
 He disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end."

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets, and of fix'd, in her all wheels
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 The most when most irregular they seem,
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
 (For we have also evening and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need),—
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,

Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
 With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold.
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there,
 In darker veil), and roscat dew's disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread
 (Such are the courts of God), the angelic throng
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds, save those, who, in their course,
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
 Alternate all night long; but not so wak'd
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heaven, he of the first,
 If not the first archangel, great in power,
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God; that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
 Deep malice then conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipt, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake

“ Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep e'en close
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
Of heaven's Almighty Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart,
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? Now laws thou seest imposed,
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe Assemble thou,
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief,
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banner wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The Great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws ”
“ So spake the false archangel, and infused
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move,
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven,
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host
Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn

Nightly before him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree,
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.

“Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might;
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours throughout the spacious north,
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 Thus our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.”

‘To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer “Mighty Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
 Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain;
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see a’l regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event
 Know whether I be dexterous to subdue
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.”

‘So spake the Son but Satan, with his powers
 Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower
 Regions they pass’d, the mighty regencies
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
 In their triple degrees, regions to which
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea, from one entire globose
 Stretch’d into longitude which having pass’d,

At length into the limits of the north
 They came ; and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
 The palace of great Lucifer (so call
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted), which not long after, he,
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that mount whereon
 Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending, so commanded, to consult
 About the great reception of their King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears
 " Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers
 If these magnific titles yet remain
 Not merely titular, since by decree
 Another now hath to himself engross'd
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
 This only to consult how we may best,
 With what may be devised of honours new,
 Receive him coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !
 Too much to one ! but double how endured,
 To one, and to his image now proclaimed !
 But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
 The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 Natives and sons of heaven possess'd before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free, for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right

His equals, if in power and splendour less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve."

'Thus far his bold discourse without control
 Had audience when among the seraphim
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd,
 The Deity and divine commands obey'd,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus opposed

"O argument blasphemous, false, and proud
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to his only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven,
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful king? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all with unsucceeded power
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heav'n
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident he is; how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one head more near
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign
 Thyself, thou great and glorious, dost thou count
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom
 As by his word, the Mighty Father made

All things, even then; and all the spirit of heaven
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Command them with glory, and in their glory named
 Terrors, dominions, princes, virtues, powers,
 Essential powers, not by his reign obscured,
 But more illustrious made; since he the head
 One of our unity that reduced becomes;
 His laws our laws, all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these, but listen to appease
 The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,
 Whose pardon may be found in time brought."

'Says the fervent angel, but his soul
 None seconded, as out of season judged,
 Or singular and rash; whom all rejoiced
 The exalted, and, more haughty, thus replied

"That we were formed then, say'st thou! and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and now!
 Doubtless such we would know whence leav'd. Who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now,
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
 By our own quickning power, when fatal course
 He clu'd his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons
 Our purchase is our own, our own right hand—
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by application we intend
 Address, and to beset the almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carry to the anointed King;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight."

'He said; and as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd he

"O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,

Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment. henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah, those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsafed, other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject,
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise :
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked tants devoted, lest the wrath,
 Impending, raging into sudden flame,
 Distinguish not for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire
 Then who created thee lamenting learn
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt

' So spake the seraph Abdiel, faith
 Among the faithless, faithful only he
 Among innumerable false, unmoved
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal
 Nor number, nor example, with him
 To swerve from truth, or change his
 Though single From amidst thousands
 Long way through hostile scorn,
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd
 And, with retorted scorn, his back
 On those proud scorners to

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

After a short notice to show how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle with Satan and his army. The first part described Satan and his power under such a head as a man of, invents such engines, and in the second part of it, how Michael and his angels to some degree; but they at length prevail upon Michael, overcome both the power and the will of Satan, yet the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Michael to Jerusalem to preserve the holy city, and to cause the Jews to be gathered to either side, with his chariot and thunder arrayed as a warrior, and his sword, pure as them, unable to resist, to make the city a city of peace, which opens up, it pleases down not to order and to follow the command of God, which is prepared for them in the deep, Michael is sent to Jerusalem to preserve the city.

'A bright angel, unparall'd,
To do his duty, and to keep his way; till morn,
Waiting the hour, with rosy hand
Upraised the light. There is a cave
Within the temple of God, fast by his throne,
Where the sunbeams in perpetual round
Loose and loose, which makes through heaven
Grateful the light, and the light;
Light issue from his other door
Obsequious darkness, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in prospect; and found

Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported, gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n yet one
 Return'd not lost On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.
 "Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitude the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence, for thus was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though
 Judged thee perverse the easier conquest
 Remains thee aided by this host of spirits
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart and
 By force, who reason for their law refuse
 Right reason for their law, and for thee
 Messiah, who by right of Merit reign'st
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince
 And thou, in military prowess next
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these
 Invincible, lead forth my arm'd
 By thousands and by millions
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious them with fire and sword
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall."

'So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak'd - nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow;

At which command the powers militant,
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah On they move
Indissolubly firm, nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks, for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their numble tread As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee, so over many a tract
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene at last,
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battalions aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable,
Of spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with several argument portray'd,
The angry aspect of Satan hasting on
With his rebellious legion, for they ween'd
That they should win, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the crown of God, and on his throne
To set the emblem of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way, thus strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed

With flaming cherubims and golden shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold:
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

"Oh Heaven! that such resemblance of the
 Should yet remain, where faith and reality
 Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might
 There fall, where virtue falls, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquer'd?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid;
 I mean to try, whose reason I have
 Unsound and false, nor is it aught
 That he, who in debate of truth hath
 Should win in arms, in both disputes
 Victor, though brutish that contest
 When reason hath to deal with
 Most reason is that reason

"So pondering, and from his
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way
 His daring foe, at thus:
 Incensed, and thus securely

"Proud, art thou met?
 The height of thy aspiring
 The throne of God ungarded, and
 Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue fool! not to think how vain
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
 Who out of smallest things could, without aid,
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
 Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest

All are not of thy train, there be, who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent,
 From all my sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
 'Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
 Thus answered "Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
 From flight, seditious angel! to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
 A third part of the gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert, who, while they feel
 Vigour divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destructive to the rest. This pause between,
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast), to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven
 To happy souls had been all one; but now
 I see how far through sloth had rather serve,
 Minstrelsy's strain'd up in feast and song!
 Such is the world, the minstrelsy of heaven,
 Sorvitude's bondage to contend,
 As both thy deeds compared this day shall prove.'
 'To which in brief thus Abdiel stern replied
 "Apostate! still thou art, nor e'er wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of sorvitude, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or nature. God and nature bid the same,
 Whom he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
 Yet lowly dar'st our minstrel's upbraid
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom, let me serve

In heaven God over-blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worst worst to be obey'd;
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect. meanwhile
 From me return'd, as erst thou said'st, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive."

'So saying, a noble strol a he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstand, as if on earth
 Winds underground, or waters, forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pieces. Amazement sow'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, our joy fill'd, and shout
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle whereat Michael bid sound
 The archangel trumpet through the vast heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous
 The horrid shock. Non storming
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven
 Was never, arms on armour clashing
 Horrible discord and the meddled
 Of brazen chariots rag'd, dire
 Of conflict, over head the darts
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew
 And flying vaulted either horse or fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
 Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions how much more of power
 Army against army, numberless to raise

Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy their happy native seat ;
 Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
 From his stronghold of heaven, high over-rul'd
 And limited their might ; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd
 A numerous host ; in strength each armed hand
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader, seem'd
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war, no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear, each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite, for wide was spread
 That war, and various sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air, all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire, Long time in even scale
 The battle hung, till Satan, who that day
 Prodiges of power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, cutting through the dire attack
 Of fight, serene, and calm, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting, such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference At his approach,
 The great archangel from his warlike toil
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflamed first thus began.

" Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest,
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself

And thy adherents how hast thou disturb'd
 Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest, heaven casts thee out
 From all her confines Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the world of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain "

'So spake the prince of angels, to whom thus
 The adversary " Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquish'd, eager to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence ! er not, that so shall
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but
 The strife of glory which we mean to win,
 Or turn this heaven itself into the loss
 Thou fablest ; here, however, to dwell
 If not to reign meanwhile thy utmost aid
 And join him nam'd Almighty, with thy aid
 I fly not, but have sought thee here and nigh "

" They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such height
 Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood

In terror from each hand with speed retired,
 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound
 Together both with next to almighty arm
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they arm'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of power at once, nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention but the sword
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge it met
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
 All his right side then Satan first knew pain,
 And writhed him to and fro convolv'd, so sore
 The grating sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him but the ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his arms to stain'd, erewhile so bright
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
 From off the files of war there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live through
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense ; and, as they please,
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

‘ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten’d, nor from the Holy One of heaven
 Refrain’d his tongue blasphemous, but anon
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter’d arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing
 Uriel, and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm’d,
 Vanquish’d Adramelech and Asmadai,
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
 Disdain’d, but meaner thoughts learn’d in their
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel, and Arnoeb, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch’d and blasted, overthrow
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth, but those select
 Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
 Seek not the praise of men, the other sort,
 In might though wond’rous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancell’d from heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
 For strength from truth divided, and from just
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame,
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
 ‘ And now, their mightiest quell’d, the
 With many an inroad gored, deformed rout
 Enter’d, and foul disorder, all the ground

With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery-foaming steel; what stood recoill'd
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
 Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience: till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain
 For otherwise the inviolable saints,
 In cable phalanx firm, advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd,
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinned,
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved
 - 'Now night her course began, and over heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquished on the foughten field
 Michael and his angels prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires on the other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,
 His potentates to council call'd by night,
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began
 "O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown
 Who hath sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so, then fallible, it seems
 Of future we may deem him, though till now

Believ'st so main to our success, I bring
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious heaven adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame
 Which, into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire,
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm, whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive,
 Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd,
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd."

'He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived
 The invention all admired, and each, how he
 To be the inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible yet, haply, of thy race
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath,
 The originals of nature in their crude

Training his devilish enginery, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud
"Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse
But that I doubt, however, witness heaven!
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear"
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd),
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire, while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, clam'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell

By thousands, angel or archangel roll'd,
 The sooner for their arms, unarm'd, they might
 Have easily, as spirits, eluded swift
 By quick contraction on remove, but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forced rout;
 Nor served it to relax their serried files
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter, for in view
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row
 In posture to displode their second tiro
 Of thunder back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd

“Oh friends! why come not on these victors proud!
 Erewhile they fierce were conning, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (What could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they changed their moods,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd;
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offered peace but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.”

‘To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood.
 “Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,
 And stumbled many who receive them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand,
 Not understood, this gift they had besides,
 They show us when our foes walk not upright”

‘So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory Eternal Night
 To match with their inventions they presumed
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble but they stood not long;

Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose
 Forthwith, (behold the excellence, the power,
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed')
 Their arms away they throw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from heaven,
 Of pleasure situate on hill and dale,)
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
 From their foundations loosening to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till on those cursed engines' triple row
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd,
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in sad bruises'd
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills up tore:
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaeulation dire,
 That underground they fought in dismal shade,
 Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar, horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose And now all heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in His sanctuary of Heaven secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
 That His great purpose he might so fulfil,

To honour His anointed Son, avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd ; whence to his Son,
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began
 " Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
 Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am ;
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second omnipotence ! two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose too ruins,
 With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd which riales
 Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine,
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know
 In heaven and hell thy power above compare,
 And, this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep .

There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed King "

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face received .

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake
" O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best , thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son , I always thee,

As is most just this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me, well pleased, declarest thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladder shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee

For ever ; and in me all whom thou lov'st
But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,

Image of thee in all things , and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,

To chains of darkness, and the undying worm ;
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire

Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief "

So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat,
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heaven Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd

By four cherubie shapes , four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between ,
Over their heads a crystal firmament,

Or faint retreat, when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake
“Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause
And as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude, stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me, not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envied, against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will,
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels,
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.”

‘So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Globmy as night under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage, down their idle weapons dropt :

Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd.
 To meet him all his vants, who silent stood
 Life witnesses of his Almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanced, and, as they went,
 Shaded with branches of palm, each order bright
 Sang triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to Him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign: He, celebrated, rode
 Triumphant through n ul-heaven, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father throned
 On high, who into glory him received,
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss

'Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
 Of what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human race been hid;
 The discord which beset, and war in heaven
 Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who reloll'd
 With Satan; he who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that, with him
 Bereave of happiness, thou may'st partake
 His punishment, eternal misery;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe
 But listen not to his temptations, warn
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,
 By terrible example, the reward
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.'

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created, that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein, sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name,
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
 Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegasus wing'd;
 The meaning, not the name, I call for thou
 Nor of the muses mine, nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but, heavenly-born,
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy celestial song: Up led by thee,
 Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
 An earthly guest, and drawn æmyreal air,
 Thy tempering with like safety guided down,
 Return me to my native element
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
 Dismounted, on the Alerian field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,

On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
 Both harp and voice, nor could the muse defend
 Her son So fail not thou, who thee implôres
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
 The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
 Adam; by dire example, to beware
 'Apôstasy,' by what befell in heaven
 To those apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that solo command,
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandering He, with his consorted Eve,
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange, things, to their thought,
 So unimaginable, as hate in heaven,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
 With such confusion but the evil, soon
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With blessedness Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose and now
 Led on, yet sunless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within Eden, or without, was done
 Before his memory, as one whose dought

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest

'Great things and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge, could not reach;
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end
Of what we are But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently, for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused
Embracing round this florid earth what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep, suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep.
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep, listening to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song,

With ministeries due, and solemn rites -
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
 Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
 My damage soundly deem'd, I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self lost, and in a moment will create
 Another world, out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tried;
 And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven;
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done!
 My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth,
 Boundless the deep, because I Am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space
 Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not, necessity, and chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate."
 'So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly motion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
 And the habitations of the just. to him
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, instead
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite

‘So sang the hierarchies, meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear’d,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown’d
Of majesty divine science and love
Immense; and all his Father in him shone
About his chariot numberless were pour’d
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing’d
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harness’d at hand,
Celestial equipage, and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord heaven open’d wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds
On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view’d the vast immeasurable abyss
- Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven’s height, and with the centre mix the pole
- “Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,”
Said then the omnisic Word, “your discord end!”
Nor stay’d; but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn,
For Chaos heard his voice him all his train
Follow’d in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay’d the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God’s eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe; and all created things
One foot he centred, and the other turn’d
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, “Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,

Thus be thy just circumference, O world !"
 Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
 Matter uniform'd and void . darkness profound
 Cover'd the abyss , but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
 Throughout the fluid mass , but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life then founded, then conglobed
 Like things to like the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the air :
 And earth, self balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be light," said God, and forthwith light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep , and from her native east
 To journey through the very gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
 Was not , she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while God saw the light was -----
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere
 Divided light the day, and darkness night,
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
 Birth day of heaven and earth , with joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
 God and his works , Creator him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn
 ' Again, God said, " Let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide
 The waters from the waters , " and God made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid pure,
 Transparent, elemental air diffused
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round , partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above,
 Dividing for as earth, so he the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule

Of Chaos far removed , lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame
And heaven he named the firmament so even
And morning chorus sung the second day

‘ The earth was form’d, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear’d not over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow’d, not idle , but, with warm
Prolific humours softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture , when God said,
“ Be gather’d now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear ”
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds , their tops ascend the sky
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproil’d,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste , such flight the great command impress’d
On the swift floods , as armies at the call
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)
Trop to their standard , so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing nor withstood them rock or hull
But they, or underground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,
Ersy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call’d seas,
And saw that it was good , and said, “ Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth ”

He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green,
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom, smelling sweet and, these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair imphiet last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms with high woods the fields were crown'd,
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers that earth now
 Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,
 God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem God saw that it was good
 So even and morn recorded the third day

'Again the Almighty spake, "Let there be lights
 High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
 The day from night, and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,
 To give light on the earth," and it was so
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, altern, and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good

For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd; unlightsome first,
 Though of ethereal mould then form'd the morn
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And set 'd with stars the heaven, thick as a field:
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
 In the sun's orb, male persons to receive
 And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great princes now of light.
 Nether, as to their fountains, other stars
 Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By directure or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen
 First in the east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heaven's high road, the great
 Bear, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
 Scintill'g sweet influence less bright the moon,
 But opposite in the east west was set,
 His nurser, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines
 Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividuall holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose.
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

'And God said, "Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul.
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings,
 Display'd on the open firmament of heaven"
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plentifully
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind,

And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 " Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill -
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth "
 Forthwith the sounds, and seas, each creek and bay,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea part single, or with mate,
 Grize the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch on smooth the seal
 And bended dolphins play part huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unwieldly, enormous in their girth,
 Tempest the ocean there leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge
 They summ'd their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect, there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their aery caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
 Easing their flight, so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds, the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes -
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale

Censel warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
 Their downy breast the swan with arch'd neck,
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dark, and rising on stiff pinnons, tower
 The mid aerial sky, others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
 Adorn him, colour'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morning solemnized the fifth day.

'The sixth, and of creation last, arose
 With evening harp and matin, when God said,
 "Let the earth bring forth soul living in her land,
 Cattle, and creep'g things, and beast of the earth,
 Each in their kind." The earth obey'd, and straight
 Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumeros living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limb'd and full grown out of the ground up rose,
 As from his bur, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild in thicket, brake, or den,
 Amongst the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung
 The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them throw
 In hillocks the swift stag from underground
 Dore up his branching head, scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
 His vastness fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants ambiguous between sea and land
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm those waved their lumber fans

For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green.
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace, not all
 Minims of nature, some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
 Their snaky folds, and added wings First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxy cells
 With honey stored the rest are numberless,
 And then their natures know'st and gav'st them names,
 Needless to thee repeated, nor unknown
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call -

'Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled, air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,
 Frequent, and of the sixth day yet remain'd
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done a creature, who, not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with form serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father, (for where is not he

Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake

“Let us make now man in our image, man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the fie'd, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.”
Thus said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man !
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life, in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul
Male he created thee ; but thy consort
Female, for race, then bless'd mankind, and said,
“Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth
Whosoever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste,
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without end, but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledgo of good and evil,
Thou may'st not, in the day thou eat'st, thou diest
Death is the penalty imposed, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.”

‘Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good,
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound

Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
 Angelic harmonies the earth, the air
 Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
 The heavens and all constellations rung,
 The planets in their station listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant
 "Open, ye everlasting gates!" they sung,
 "Open, ye heavens! your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six day's work, a world!
 Open, and henceforth oft, for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
 Delighted and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace" So sung
 The glorious train ascending he through heaven
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
 Powder'd with stars And now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night, when at the holy mount
 Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
 Of Godhead fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
 Author and End of all things; and, from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all his work.
 But not in silence holy kept the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison, of incense clouds,

Fuming from golden censers, hid the motint
Creation and the six days' acts they sung
"Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite
Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee ? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels thee that day
Thy thunders magnified, but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.

Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire ? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

Witness this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation, but thou know'st
Their seasons - among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling-place Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced !
Created in his image there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright !"

'So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs, thus was sabbath kept —
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know if else thou seek'st
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve his discourse with the angel thereupon, who, after admonitions repeated, departs

THE angel ended and in Adam's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully replied
 'What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine
 Historian, who thus largely hast ally'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
 With wonder, but delight, and as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
 Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute
 Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compared,
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal,) merely to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night in all their vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning, I oft admire,

Is as the book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :
 This to attain, whether heaven more or earth,
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
 From man or angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scam'd by them who ought
 Rather admire, or, if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model heaven
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy off-spring, and support
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run.
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider first, that great
 Or bright infer not excellence the earth,
 Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of so'ul good contain
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines :
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
 But in the fruitful earth, there first received
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
 And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
 That man may know he dwells not in his own ;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,

That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual me thou think'st not slow,
 Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
 In Eden; distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name But this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the heavens, to show
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,
 Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain What if the sun
 Be centre to the world, and other stars,
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou see'st, and what if seventh to there
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different motions move?
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
 If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
 Travelling east, and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray What if that light,
 Sent from her through the wide transparent air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
 Enlightening her by day as she by night
 This earth's reciprocal if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants her spirits there
 As clouds, and clouds may run, and rain; and so
 Fruits in her soft soil, for so we to eat
 Allected there; and other wares perhaps,
 With their attendant means, thou wilt draw;

That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, 'obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in 'daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fame,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence •
 And renders us, in things that most concern,
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful whence, haply, mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, design'd
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance • now, hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,
 And day is not yet spent, till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply
 For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven;
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour at the hour
 Of sweet repast, they satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety'

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek
 'Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent, for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
 Inward and outward both, his image fair
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms
 Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with man
 For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
 On man his equal love say therefore on;
 For I that day was absent, as befel,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,

Whate'er I saw "Thou sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know "
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
Thus happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father I call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared "
So saying, by the hand he took me raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, sturr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat, whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd here had new begun
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,

Presence Divine Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss, he rear'd me, and, "Whom thou sought'st I am,"
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
 Of every tree that in the garden grows,
 Eat freely with glad heart, for here no dearth:
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence for know,
 The day thou eat'st there of, my sole command
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow." Sternly he pronounced
 The rigid interdiction, which reminds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur, but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give, as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl
 In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds, I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection, understand the same
 Of fish within her watery residence,
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot change
 Their element, to draw the thinner air."
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
 My sudden apprehension; but in these

I found not what methought, I wanted still
And to the heavenly vision thus presumed.

“O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things • but with me
I see not who partakes In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?”

Thus I presumptuous, and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied

“What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly, with these
Find pastime, and bear rule, thy realm is large”
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering • I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied.

“Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power
My Maker, be propitious while I speak
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, or in proportion due
Given and received • but, in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike, of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself ;
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image not imparted to the brute
 Whose fellowship therefore, unmeet for thee,
 Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike
 And be so minded still - I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone ,
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee ; for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire "

'He ended, or I heard no more , for now
 My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight , by which
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious, before whom awake I stood
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh wide was the wound
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ,
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man-like, but different sex , so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks , which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight

She disappear'd, and left me dark, I waked
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure,
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable, on she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though, unseen,
 And guided by his voice nor uninform'd,
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites.
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love
 I, overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

“This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself.
 Before me Woman is her name, of man
 Extracted for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.”

“She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,
 The more desirable, or, to say all
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.
 I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn' all heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign and gratulation, and each hill,
 Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night

Sing spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp
 "Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss;
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
 I mean of sight, taste, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds. but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch, here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough, at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel;
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image, who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures (yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows:
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally, and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her. as a guard angelic placed.

To whom the angel with contracted brow
 'Accuso not nature, she hath done her part.
 Do thou but thine, and be not dissident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not if thou
 Dismiss not her when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection weigh with her thyself,
 Then value oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wis
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
 To cattle and each beast, which would not be
 To them made common and divulged, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still,
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not love refuses
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his sent
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasures, for which cause,
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found
 To whom thus, half abash'd Adam replied,
 'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,

Perfect within, no outward aid require.
And all temptation to transgress repel.'

So saying he arose, whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction 'Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
With grateful memory - thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!'
So parted they, the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having encompassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest their enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her sound alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength. Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat also, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam, or not: at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her: and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both, they seek to cover their nakedness, then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of trill where God or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast; permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
 Those notes to tragic, soul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt
 And disobedience on the part of Heaven
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Angel and just rebuke, and judgment given,
 That brought into this world a world of woe,

Sin and her shadow death, and misery
 Death's harbinger (sad task, yet argument)
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia dis-espous'd,
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cythera's son;
 If answerable style I can obtain,
 Of my celestial patroness, who deign
 Her mighty visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mastery to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,
 In battles feign'd, the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung, or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament, then marshall'd feasts
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals,
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem. Me, of these
 Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end,
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round,

When Satan, who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
 That kept their watch, thence full of anguish driven,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
 From pole to pole traversing each colure,
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averr
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
 Into a gulf shot under ground, all part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
 Satan involved in rising mist, then sought
 Where to he hid, sea he had search'd, and land
 From Eden over Pontus and the pool
 Beroë, up beyond the river Ob,
 Downward as far antarctic and in length,
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest link of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight. For, in the wily snake
 Whatever else his, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtilty

Press long, which, in all eras observed,
 Do let us not forget of diabolic power
 Active within beyond the sense of hate
 That I resolved, but first from inward grief
 His brother passed on to plants thus poured
 "O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferred
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
 With sacred thoughts, reforming what was old
 For but God, after better, worse would build
 There's no heaven danced round by other heaven
 To shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 I sit alone, for thee alone as seems,
 In this concealing all their precious beams
 Of secret influence: As God in heaven
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou,
 Celestial receptacle from all these orbs in thee,
 Not in themselves all their known virtue appears
 Practised in herbs, plants and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, increase, ripeness, all summed up in man.
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,
 If I could, joy is not sweet interchange
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Nor land, nor sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Flakes of snow, and caves: but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge, and the more I see
 Pictures about me so much more I feel
 That I within me as from the hateful maze
 Of continuance all good to me becomes
 Turn'd, as in heaven much worse would be my state
 By such here seek I, no, nor in heaven
 To dwell with by watching I own's Supreme:
 Not how to be free, I feel miserable
 Be what I am, but others to make such
 As I, I feel, I am to me return I:
 I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
 Try to be like the gods; and him destroy'd,
 Or to be like the gods, and him destroy'd,
 I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
 I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
 I am, I am, I am, I am, I am

To me shall be the glory sole among
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
 Continued making; and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps
 Not longer than since I, in one night, fled
 From servitude inglorious, well nigh half
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers he, to be aveng'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils what he decreed,
 He effected, man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel wings,
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge of these the vigilance
 I dread, and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of deity aspir'd!
 But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
 Let it, I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite

The clasp'ing ivy where to climb; while I,
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
 With my rifle, find what to redress till noon :-
 For, while so near each other thus all day
 Our lives we chase, what wonder if so near
 Looks intermix'd and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on; which interrupts
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the Lord of supper comes unearn'd !
 To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd
 'Hole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all human creatures dear !
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us : nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good work in her husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied, and are of love the food ;
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us : but if much converse perhaps
 Thee salute, to short absence I could yield
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me, for thou know'st
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
 Envious our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope, to find

His wish and best advantage, us assunder;
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.'

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied
 'Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earths' lord!
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
 And from the parting angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers
 But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such
 As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel
 His fraud is then thy fear which plain infers,
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seal'd
 Thoughts, which how sound they harbour in thy breast
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear'

To whom with healing words Adam replied.
 'Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire
 Not dissident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation: thou thyself with reason
 A stronger armour dost about thee set, than all the wrongs,
 Though ineffectual sound: misdeeds not then,
 If such assault I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
 O, wrong, first on me the assault shall light
 Nor then his malice and false guide contrive.
 Safe he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
 Access to every virtue; be thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need be
 Of outward strength, & little shame, than looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over-revild,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and reisel unite
 Why shouldst not thou likewise within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So speaks domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love, but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her such sincere,
 Thus her reply with new sweet renew'd
 'If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
 Subtle or violent, & not endued
 Single with like defence, wherever met;
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not shun only our foe,
 Tempting, assaults us with his soul esteem
 Of our integrity his soul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself, then wherefore shunn'd or
 By us? who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, and peace within,
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the overt
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Lost so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combined.

Fraile is our happiness, if this be so ;
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed.'

To whom thus Adam fervently replied
' O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them His creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left,
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force ; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power
Against his will he can receive no harm
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possibly to swerve,
Since reason not impossible may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience, the other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
But, if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go, for thy stay, not free, absents thee more,
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all !
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine
So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, replied.
' With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,

May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willing'er I go, nor much expect
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
 Orcaid or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
 In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
 But with such gardening-tools as art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove
 Her, long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated she to him as oft engaged
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose
 O, much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
 Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose,
 Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
 The only two of mankind, but in them
 The whole included race, his purposed prey
 In bower and field he sought where any tuft
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight,
 By fountain or by shady rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eye separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanced when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eye separate he spied,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spi'd, so thick the roses blushing round
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though grey
 Carnation, purple, azure, or mark'd with gold,
 Hung drooping modest and the virgin upbore
 Gently with vertebrae, and ess the while
 Herself, though faintest unsupported flower,
 From her bust; rose so far, and storm so nigh,
 Nearer he drew, and nigh a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest covert: cedar, pine, or palm;
 Then volubly and bold, now hid, now seen,
 Among thick wove of leaves and flowers
 Imborder'd on each bank the bank of Eve
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renew'd
 Alcions, host of odorous meads,
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held'da lance with a star less than spouse:
 Much he the place admired, the person more
 As one who long in paradise city sent,
 Where houses thick and sev'ers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thence met conceiv'd delight,
 The stuff of grain, or tumbled grass, or lime,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance, with nymph like step, fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her not pleases more;
 She most, and in her look sums all delight.
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture, or least action, overwield
 His malice, and with rapture sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

That space the evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge,
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd then, soon,
 Fierce hate, he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of himself, gratulating, thus excites

'Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transport'd, to forget
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying, other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, beheld alone
 The woman, opportune to all attempts,
 Her husband, for I view full round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not insurmountable! exempt from wound,
 I not, so much hath hell debas'd, and pain
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, and show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her inn now I tend.'

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
 Address'd his way not with indentèd wave,
 Prone on the ground, as snake, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
 With burnish'd neck of coral gold, erect
 Amidst his eichling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant, pleasing was his shape,

And lovely, never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Cybele was seen;
 He with Olympias; this with her who bore
 Scipio, the height of Rome With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side long he works his way
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye, she, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circe's call the herd disguised
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
 Tawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play, he, glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began
 'Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder! much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I, thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fur,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
 Where universally adored, but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern

Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen
A goddess among gods, adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train.'

'So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned
Into the heart of Eve his words made way;
Though at the voice much marvelling, at length,
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake

'What may this mean? language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued,
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How camest thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due'

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied
'Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be obey'd
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex; and apprehended nothing high
Till, on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold I nearer drew to gaze
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
'Unsuck'd of lamb or kid; that tend their play
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved

Not to defer, hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
 For, high from ground, the branches wou'd require
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 And the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not, for, such pleasure till that hour,
 At fount or fountain, never had I found
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in heaven,
 Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Similitude, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray
 United I beheld, no far to thine
 Equivalent, or second, which compell'd
 Me thus, though a sportive perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame

So talk'd the spirited sly snake, and Eve,
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied

'Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
 Still hanging, incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to discharge nature of her birth.'

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad
 'Express, the way is ready, and not long;

Herod and a r - of my - les, on a rat,
 Past by a fa - chain, ere small child let go
 Of the - my - or I him - of their ac -
 My - last, I can't see that shall er -

'Lead them,' said Eve. He, bending, swiftly roll'd
 In rugler, and to the inner - a seam straight,
 To the - and Ho - elevates, and joy
 B - ables - a - As - on a - a - fire,
 C - of - a - up - , which the night
 C - , and the cold - in - round,
 Kindled through a - to a flame,
 Which - , they - , some - I spirit attend,
 Hovering and - with - light,
 While - the - and - , his - from his way
 To - and - , as I - through pond or pool;
 Then - up and lost, from - far.
 So - the - , and into -
 And Eve, our - , to the tree
 Of - , rest of all our - ,

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake
 'Serpent, we - have - our coming hither,
 Fruitless to try, though fruit be here to -
 The credit of - virtue rest with thee:
 Wonders indeed, if cause of such effects.
 - But of this tree ye may not - nor touch,
 God so - , and lest that command
 Fate - of his voice, the rest, we live
 Law to our - , our reason is our law'

To whom the tempter - fully replied
 'Indeed! but God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet - declared of all in earth or air!'

To whom thus Eve, yet - : 'Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat
 But of the fruit of this fair tree midst
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
 The - , nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die'

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,
 Now put - and, as to passion moved,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
 As when of old some orator renown'd,
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right.
 So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
 The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.

'O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise
 Queen of this universe! do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death ye shall not die,
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge, by the threatener? look on me,
 Me, who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live
 And life more perfect have attain'd than late
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dutiless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil,
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,
 Not just, not God, not fear'd then, nor obey'd
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods.

Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
 Internal man, is but proportion meet,
 I, of brute, human, ye, of human, gods
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating godlike food?
 The gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds
 I question it, for this fair earth I see,
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
 Them, nothing if they all things, who inclosed
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
 In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit,
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.
 He ended, and his words replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye, yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused—
 'Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired;
 Whoso taste, too long forborne, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise.



Greedily she engorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death . satiate at length,
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began

'O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise ! of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created ; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all,
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know,
 Though others envy what they cannot give
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown Experience, next, to thee I owe,
 Best guide not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire
 And I perhaps am secret heaven is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth, and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 About him But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known,
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior, for, inferior, who is free ?
 This may be well - but what if God hath seen,
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more !
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct,
 A death to think ! Confirm'd then I resolve,
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life'

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant scintill'g sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown.
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him, he the faltering measure felt,
And forth to meet her went the way she took
That morn when first they parted by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning, in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hast'nd, in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.
'Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me

PARADISE LOST.

The link of nature draw me flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd relentless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd
 'Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
 And it been only coveting to eat

Though threatening, will in earnest
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fall,
 Dependent made, so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
 Not well conceived of God, who, though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary
 Triumph, and say. "Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours, who can please him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind, whom will he next?"
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom if death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;

PARADISE LOST.

So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own ;
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself .'

So Adam , and thus Eve to him replied.
' O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Engaging me to emulate , but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both , whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion,) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
Thus my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace , chiefly, assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequal'd but I feel
Far otherwise the event , not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds '

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won, that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance had
Such recompense best merits), from the bough

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand, he scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge, not decent,
 But fondly overcome with female charm
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs; and nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original, while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his till, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings,
 Wherewith to scorn the earth but that false fruit
 For other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflamming, he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid, in lust they burn
 Till Adam thus 'gin Eve to dalliance move.

'Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious, I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor know till now
 True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare,
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree"

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.

PARADISE LOST.

Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths, earth's freshest softest lap
There they their ill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exultating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep;
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their mind
How darken'd, innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty shame, he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more So rose the Dante strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Delilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

'O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promised rising, since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs

PARADISE LOST

Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent
 For understanding ruled not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovereign reason claim'd
 Superior sway from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

'Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and staid
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe, when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail'

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve.
 'What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe!
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
 On here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger, as thou said'st?
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss

Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me '

To whom then first incensed, Adam replied
' Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve ' express'd
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv'd, and 'joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing ? Not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint what could I more ?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait, beyond this, had been force,
And force upon free-will hath here no place
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious triu'mph, and perhaps
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lest her will rule restraint she will not brook,
And, left to herself, ill evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse '

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly, then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made, then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell, their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man, instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise, then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death, God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things, but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolence of Eve, she persists, and at length appeases him. Then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heaven, for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart

Omniscient¹ who, in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
 Complete to have discovered and repuls'd
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
 The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted, which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall
 Up into heaven from Paradise in haste
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,
 For man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From earth arriv'd at heaven gate, displeased
 All were who leard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss
 About the new arriv'd in multitudes
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel they towards the throne supreme,
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd, when the Most High,
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice
 'Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced,
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker, no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free-will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fallen he is, and now

What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day ?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd.
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end,
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferr'd
 All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destined man himself to judge man fallen.
 So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded darts, he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

'Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will
 Supreme ; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
 May'st ever rest well pleased I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee, and, not repenting, thus obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
 Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory - Him thrones, and powers,
 Princedoms, and dominations, ministrant,
 Accompanied to heav'n gate, from whence

Eden, and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight, the speed of gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wung'd.
 No v was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool
 Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,
 To sentence man the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined they heard,
 And from his presence hid them elves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,
 Approaching, thus to Adam, call'd aloud.

'Where art thou Adam, wait with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off! I miss thee here,
 Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
 Where obvious dost ere while appear'd unsought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.'

He came, and with him Fear, more loth though first
 To offend, discountenanc'd both, and discomposed;
 Love was not in their looks, either to God,
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile
 Whence Adam faltering, long, thus answer'd brief.

'I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.' To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied.

'My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd, how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou should'st not eat?'

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.
 'O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life,
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint : but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint ;
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved, though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal
 This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed
 She gave me of the tree and I did eat '

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied.
 ' Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey,
 Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
 Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection, and her gifts
 Werẽ such, as under government well seem'd
 Unseenly to bear rule, which was thy part
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright '

So having said, he thus to Eve in few
 ' Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done ?
 To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied .
 ' Tho serpent me beguiled, and I did eat '

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on the accursed
 Serpent, though brute ; unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation justly then accurs'd
 As vitiated in nature more to know
 Concern'd not man (since he no further knew),

Nor alter'd his offence, yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in ray's of new term's judgment as they best,
And on the report of us his cause let fall

'Because thou hast done it, thou art accus'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field
Upon thy belly; reaching thou shalt live,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thee and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou shalt bruise his heel.'

So spake the oracle, then he did
When Jesus, Son of Mary, came to live,
Saw Satan fall, the serpent down from heaven,
Prince of the world, rolling from his grave,
Spill'd principles of evil, from his mouth
In open show, and in the world's sight,
Captivity led, and in the air,
The realm of the air, in a serpent,
Whom he shall tread under our feet.
Even he, who now is the serpent,
And to the woman shall be the enemy.

'Thy sorrow I will multiply
By thy conception, and thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit, as over thee shall rule.'
On Adam first the judgment pronounced:
'Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,

And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof.
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: thou shalt sorrow
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life,
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off then, pitying how they stood

Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume
 As when he wash'd his servant's feet, so now
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid,
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
 Nor he their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom re assumed,
 In glory, as of old, to him appeased.
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet
 Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth,
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
 In counterview within the gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began
 'Oh, son, why sit we here each other vowing
 Idly, while Satan our great author, thrives
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
 But that success attends him, if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
 By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large
 Beyond this deep, whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
 With secret amity things of like kind,
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
 Inseparable, must with me along,
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this can't
 Impossible, I perceive; let us try
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to find a path
 Over this main from hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,
 Eating their passage hence, for here we are,
 Or transmitting us, as thou shalt lead.
 Nor can I miss thee so, as strongly driven
 By this new-felt attraction and desire

Whom thus the new-born shadow as yet dross
 'Go, whether fate, and our own strength
 Leads thee, I shall follow behind, and mark
 The way, thou leadest, and account I grow
 Of carriage, prey, and carnal taste
 The savour of death from all the rest that live,
 Nor shall I to the work thou dost pretend
 To waiting, but afford thee company and aid.'

So saying with deliberate stride the great
 Of mortal change on earth. As he a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, that hourly wait the tempest,
 Against the day of battle, so a fowl,
 Where armies be encamp'd, come flying, hasted
 With scent of blood, comes he as yet
 For death, the following day, in bloody flight:
 So scenteth the grim feature, and upturn'd
 His nostrils wide into the chilly air,
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far
 Then both from out hell gates, into the waste
 Wide anarchy of chaos, damp and dark,
 Flow diverse, and with power (their power was great,)
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove,
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil

Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
 As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
 And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
 Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd bench
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep, high arch'd, a bridge
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world,
 Forfeit to death, from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell,
 So, if great things to small may be compared,
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
 Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont
 Bridging his way, Lucre with Asia join'd,
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontical, a ridge of pendant rock,
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
 Of Satan to the self same place where he
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
 From out of chaos, to the outside bare
 Of this round world with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable, and now in little space
 The confines met of empyrean heaven,
 And of this world, and on the left hand, hell
 With long reach interposed, three several ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led,
 And now their way to earth they had descried,
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold!
 Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
 Betwixt the Centaur and Scorpion steering
 His zodiac, while the sun in Aries rose
 Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape,
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures, but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing, guilty, what his wrath
 Might suddenly inflict, that past, return'd
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood,
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy
 And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;
 And at the brink of chaos near the foot
 Of this new prodigious pontifical, unhop'd
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting and at sight
 Of that stupenduous bridge his joy increased
 Long he admiring stood, till sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

'O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,
 Thou art their author and prime architect.
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with mine, join'd in connection sweet),
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee, with this thy son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three.
 Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
 Within hell gates till now, thou us empower'd
 To fortify thus far, and overlay,
 With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss
 Thine now is all this world, thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
 Our foil in heaven, here thou shalt monarch reign,

There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,
 As battle hath adjudged . from this new world
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated ;
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world ;
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad
 ' Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have given to be the race
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name
 Antagonist of heaven's almighty King,)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine, with this glorious work, and made one realm,
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare Therefore, while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,
 There dwell, and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise, and in the air,
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit,
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell
 No detriment need fear, go, and be strong "
 So saying, he dismiss'd them, they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held,
 Spreading their bane, the blasted stars look'd wan,
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
 Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
 The causeway to hell-gate on either side
 Disparted chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,

And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
 That scorn'd his indignation through the gate
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
 And all about found desolate, for those,
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world, the rest were all
 Far to the inland retired, about the walls
 Of Pandemonium city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their emperor sent, so he
 Departing gave command, and they observed
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste be, old
 The realm of Alidule, in his retreat
 To Tauris or Casbeen so these, the late
 Heaven banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
 Of foreign worlds he through the midst unmark'd
 In show plebeian angel militant
 Of lowest order, pass'd, and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre Down a while
 He sat, and round about him saw, unseen,
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appear'd or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter all amazed
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Their mighty chief return'd, loud was the acclaim,
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
 Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy

O'ergratulant, & perched him; who with hand
Silence, and with these words attent, soon.

'Thou art, thou art, prince, prince, virtues, power,
For in thee, not only, of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now, returned
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Thru' pant out of this infernal; it
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And d'ye of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little less, or, by my adventure hard
With peril great while, I long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Travell'd the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of Lorraine, which on, over which
By Sin and Death, a broad way now is paved,
'To expedite your glorious march, but I
'Till'd out my wretched passage, forced to rise
In a wretched abyss, plunged in the womb
Of universal night and chaos wild,
That, fathers of their secrets, barely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protending fate supreme, thence how I found
The new-created world, which since in heaven
Long I had forgot, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection; therein man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy. him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple, he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath given up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceived. that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind. I am to bruise his heel;

His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
 Of my performance *what remains, ye gods?*
 But up, and enter now into full bliss!"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout, and high applause,
 To fill his ear, when, contrary, he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn, he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure, working it himself now more;
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entraining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain a greater power
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
 According to his doom. He wou'd have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessions
 To his bold not dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion and asp, and amphibious dire,
 Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,
 And dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
 Ophusa,) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain. They all
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array;
Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief,
 They saw, but other sight instead; a crowd
 Of ugly serpents, horror on them fell,

And horrid sympathy, for, what they saw,
 They felt themselves, now changing, down their arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast.
 And the dire-hiss renew'd, and the dire forr
 Catch'd, by contagion, like in punishment,
 As in their cruce Thus was the applause they meant,
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their chan^{ce}
 His will who reigns above to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the tempter. on that prospect strange.
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame,
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd Megæra, greedily they pluck'd
 The frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,
 Thus more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceived, they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining. drugg'd as oft,
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as man
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they plagu'd
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed,
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy, for man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the heathen, of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd

Opinion, with Lury'nora; the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arrived, Sin, there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse to whom Sin thus begun

'Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death!
 What thinkst thou of our empire now, though earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have set watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin born monster answer'd soon.

'To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven,
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet
 Which none, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound corps'

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.
 'Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
 No homely morsels! and whatever thing
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd,
 Till I, in man reaching, through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey'

This said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or immortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later, which the Almighty seeing,
 From his tri-arc'd seat the saints among,
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice

'See, with what neat these dogs of hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
 So late and cool created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
 Let in these wretched furies, who impute,
 I say to me, so doth the prince of hell

PARADISE LOST

And his adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heavenly ; and conniving, seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies,
 That I, as if, transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;
 And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
 My hell humbly, to lie up the dross and filth
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst,
 With suck'd and glutted offal, it o'erslung
 Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,
 Both sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,
 Through chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 The heaven and earth renew'd shall be made pure
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain
 Till the curse pronounced on both precedes'

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
 Sang hallelujah, & the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung 'Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works,
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
 Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom
 New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from heaven descend' Such was their song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
 As sort'd best with present things The sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the bright moon,
 Her office they prescribed, to the other five
 Their planetary motions, and aspects,
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
 In synod unbenevolent ; and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to shower,

Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous to the winds they so
 Their corners, when with blaster to confound
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll,
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.
 Some say he bid his angels turn askeance
 The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
 From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd
 Oblique the centric globe some say, the sun
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
 Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
 Up to the tropic Crab thence down again
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime, else had the spring
 Perpetual smiled on earth with vernal flowers,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those
 Beyond the polar circles to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
 Of east or west, which had forbid the snow
 From cold Extotiland, and south as far
 Beneath Magellan At that tasted fruit
 The sun, as from Thirstean banquet, turn'd
 If a course intended else, how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These charges in the heavens, though slow, produced
 The change on sea and land, sidereal blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent now, from the north
 Of Norrumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
 Thraex, and Cicias, and Argestes loud,
 And Tharteciaz, rend the woods, and seas upturn,
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Northward, and after black with thunderous clouds
 In a delugement, the art of these, is done,

Foith rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,
 Lurus and Zephyr; with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco and Libeccio Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things, but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish to graze the herb all leaving;
 Devou'd each other, nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or, with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing These were from without
 The growing nurseries, which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within.
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint
 'O miserable of happy! Is this the end,
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accurs'd, of blessed? hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
 The nursery, I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings, but this will not serve
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse O voice, once heard
 Delightfully, "Increase and multiply,"
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase,
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? "Ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam!" but his thanks
 Shall be the execration so, besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound,
 On me, as on their natural centre, light
 Heavy, though in their place O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes,
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I received; unable to perform
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest, then should have been refused
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
 Then didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy thy good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and, reprov'd, revolt,
 "Wherefore didst thou beget me, I sought it not?"
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet am not thy elation,
 But natural reason's regret.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
 O welcome hour whenever! Way delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To dateless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earta
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap! There should I rest
 And sleep secure; no dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish

With this corporeal clod • then, in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
 In punish'd man, to satisfy rigour,
 Satisfied never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of their matter, act,
 Not to the extent of their own sphere But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity • ah me! that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head, both death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate, both
 Nor I on my part single in me all
 Posterity stands cursed fair patrimony,
 That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But, from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved
 Not to do only, but to will the same

With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
 Forced I absolve all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due,
 So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst thou support
 The burden, heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and futuro,
 To Satan only like both crime and doom
 O conscience! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
 Through the still night, not now, as ere morn fell,
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror, on the ground
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground! and oft
 Cursed his creation, death as oft recond
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence 'Why comes not death,'
 Said he, 'with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries,
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song'
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd
 Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best

Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show,
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
 I had persisted happy. had not thy pride
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but, with the serpent meeting,
 Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a show,
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
 Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O! why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares
 And strait conjunction with this sex for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
 By parents, or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound

He added not, and from her turn'd but Eve,
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
 And ~~tresses~~ all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

'Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unwotting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees, beseach me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay, forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace both joining
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent on me exercise not.
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable! both have sinn'd, but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cares importune Heaven that all
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me, me only, just object of his ire!

(She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.)

'Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now, of what thou know'st not, who desirest
 The punishment all on thyself. alas!

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet leist part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited ;
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
'To me committed, and by me exposed
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe,
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) derived '

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied
'Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable
As in our evils, and of easier choice
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By death at last, and miserable it is,
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot
Childless thou art, childless remain so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two

Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread,
 Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest, so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd;
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied.

'Eve; thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent, than what thy mind contemns,
 But self-destruction, therefore sought, refutes,
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of misery, so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
 To be forestall'd, much more I fear lest death
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay, rather, such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live, then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise

The serpent's head piteous amends ! unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
 Satan, who, in the serpent, hath contrived
 Against us this deceit to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed ! which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
 Resolved, as thou proposest ; so our foe,
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads
 No more be mention then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful baironness
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despote,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our necks Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
 Without wrath or reviling, we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day, when, lo ! to thee
 Pains only in childbearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb on me the curse aslope
 Glanced on the ground, with labour I must earn
 My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;
 My labour will sustain me, and, lest cold
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care,
 Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged,
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?
 Which now the sky, with various face, begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees, which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams
 Reflected, may with matter sore foment,
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind

The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,
 Time the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun, such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him, with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home
 What better can we do, than, to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
 From his displeasure, in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy, shone?
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse they, forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise, sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs, he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him. the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
 Praying, for, from the mercy-seat above
 Preventive grace descending had removed
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory yet their port
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less
 Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
 Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate. in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors, then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
 By their great intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Father's throne. them the glad Son
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.
 'See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs

And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring
 Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen
 From innocence Now therefore, bend thine ear
 To supplication, hear his sighs, though mute,
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me, his advocate
 And propitiation all his works on me,
 Good, or not good, ingraft, my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall
 Accept me, and, in me, from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind let him live
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days
 Number'd though sad till death, his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene
 'All thy request for man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my decree,
 But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids
 Those pure immortal elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him, tainted now and purge him off,
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness,
 And immortality that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe
 Till I provided death so death becomes
 His final remedy; and, after life,
 Tired in sharp tribulation, and refined,
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,

Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Reasgns him up with heaven and earth renew'd
 But let us call to synod all the blest,
 Through heaven's wide bounds from them I will not hide
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd, he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom The angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions from their blissful bowels
 Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
 Hasten'd, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats till from his throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will.

'O sons, like one of us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit, but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him, longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable and vain,
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise,
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair.

From hallow'd ground the unholy, and denounce
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged,
 (For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
 Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate, reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Covenant in the woman's seed renew'd,
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace,
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the tree of life,
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude
 He ceased, and the archangelic power prepare
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful cherubim four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
 To re salute the world with sacred light,
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd
 The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd,
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
 'Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from heaven descends;
 But, that from us ought should ascend to heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem, yet this will prayer,

First hunter then, pursu'd i gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind,
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake

'O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shew
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty, because from death released
 Some days how long, and what till the hour of life
 Who knows! or more than this, that we are due
 And thither must return, and be no more?
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in the air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self same hour! why in the east
 Darkness ere day a mid course, and morning light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends with something heavenly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, & here he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright,
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian King, who to surprise
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
 War unproclam'd The princely hierarchy
 In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
 Possession of the garden, not alone,
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
 Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake
 'Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New laws to be observ'd, for I descry,

From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
 One of the heavenly host, and, by his gait,
 None of the meanest, some great potentate,
 Or of the thrones above; such majesty
 Invests him coming! yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended, and the archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man, over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce. Iris had dyed the woof,
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended, by his side,
 As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear
 Adam, bow'd low, he, kingly, from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

'Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seizure many days
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayest cover well may then thy Lord, appeased,
 Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim,
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, silted soil.'

He added not, for Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 'That all his senses bound, Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

'O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil ! these happy walls and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
 ' Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound ;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil '

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd

' Celestial ! whether among the thrones, or name
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us, what besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes ! all places else
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
 Nor knowing us, nor known and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries

But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance, here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 "On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd,"
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Of monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory and far off his steps adore

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
 'Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth,
 Not this rock only, his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift, surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise, or Eden this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations and had hither come
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor
 But this pre eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
 God is, as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a sign

The Persian in Ecbatam sat, or since
 In Uxaban, or where the Russian Kzar
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Buzance,
 Turchestan born, nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port
 Thence, and the Levantine kings
 Mombaza, and Quilon, and Melind,
 And Sofala, thought Ophur, to the realm
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
 The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Sus,
 Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen,
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 The world. in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Uabalipa, and yet un-poil'd
 Guanax, whose great city Geryon's sons
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred, then purged with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced,
 But him the gentle angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd
 'Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
 For sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.'

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tith, whereon were sheaves
 New-reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
 In the midst an altar as the land mark stood
 Rustic, of grassy sord. thither anon

A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
 Uncull'd as came to hand, a shepherd next,
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 Choicest and best, then, sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
 Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam
 The other's not, for his was not sincere,
 Whereat he only raged, and, as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life ! he fell, and, deadly pale,
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.

' O teacher ! some great mischief hath befallen
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed,
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?
 - To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied
 ' These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 Out of thy loins, the unjust the just hath slain,
 For envy that his brother's offering found
 From Heaven acceptance, but the bloody fact
 Will be avenged and the other's faith, approved,
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore ' To which our sire

' Alas ! both for the deed, and for the cause !
 But have I now seen death ? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust ? O sight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel !

To whom thus Michael ' Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man, but many shapes
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal, yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance, than within
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew

Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
 Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born, compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.
 'O miserable mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 The image of God in man, created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?
 'Their Maker's image,' answer'd Michael, 'then

Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

'I yield it just,' said Adam, 'and submit.
 But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our countrinal dust?'

'There is,' said Michael, 'if thou well observe
 The rule of "Not too much," by temperance taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return
 So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd for death mature.
 This is old age but then, thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and grey, thy senses then,
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast, and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The balm of life.' To whom our ancestor

'Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather, how I may be quit,
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution.' Michael replied.

'Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv'st,
 Live well, how long, or short, permit to Heaven
 And now prepare thee for another sight'

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon

Were tents of various hue, by some, were herds
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
 Was heard, of harp and organ, and, who moved
 Their stops and chords were seen, his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high
 Fleed and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who, at the forge
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
 Had melted (whether found were casual fire
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
 From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd
 Into fit moulds prepar'd, from which he form'd
 First his own tools, then, what might else be wrought
 Fusile or graven in metal. After these,
 But on the hither side, a different sort
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
 Down to the plain descended by their guise
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
 A bary of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton dress, to the harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd, then all in heat,
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked.
 With feast and music all the tents resound
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
 The bent of nature, which he thus express'd.

'True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;
 Much better seems this vision and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past,
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends'

To whom thus Michael 'Judge not what is best
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
 Created as thou art, to nobler end
 Holy and pure, conformity divine
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tent
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother, studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledge not
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget,
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that train
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honour and chief pride;
 Bred only and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye
 To these that sober race of men, whose lives
 Religious titled them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
 Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
 Ere long to swim at large, and laugh, for which
 The world ere long a world of tears must weep.'

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft
 'O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
 Paths indirect, or in the midway furl
 But still I see the tenor of man's woe
 Holds on the same, from woman to begin.'

'From man's effeminate slackness it begins,'
 Said the angel, 'who should better hold his place
 By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
 But now prepare thee for another scene.'
 He look'd, and saw wide territory spread

Before him, towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war;
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise,
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
 Single or in array of battle ranged,
 Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood,
 One way a band select from forage drives
 A herd of bees, fair oxen, and fair kine,
 From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
 Their booty, scarce with life the shepherds fly,
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join,
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
 With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,
 Deserted others to a city strong
 Lay siege, encamp'd, by battery, scale, and mine,
 Assaulting others from the wall defend
 With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire,
 On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds
 In other part the sceptred heralds call
 To council, in the city-gates, anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
 Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
 In factions opposition, till at last
 Of middle age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong;
 Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace;
 And judgment from above, him old and young
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
 Inseen amid the throng so violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found,
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O! what are these,
 Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
 Unhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother, for of whom such massacre

Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
 To whom thus Michael. 'These are the product
 Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'st;
 Where good with bad are match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mix'd,
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
 Such were these giants, men of high renown,
 For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd,
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Manslaughter, shall be led the highest pitch.
 Of human glory and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be still great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, and sons of gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
 And what most merit, fame in silence hid.
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
 The only righteous in a world perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes, for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his saints, Him the Most High
 Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
 High in salvation and the chimes of bliss,
 Exempt from death, to show thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed;
 The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
 To luxury and riot, feast, and dance,
 Marrying, or prostituting, as befell,
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair
 Allured them, thence from cups to civil broils.
 At length a reverend sire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declared.

And testified against their ways, he oft
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls
 In prison, under judgments imminent
 But all in vain which when he saw, he ceased
 Contending, and removed his tents far off
 Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk
 Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large,
 For man and beast when lo, a wonder strange!
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
 Came sevens and pairs and enter'd in as taught
 Their order last the sire and his three sons,
 With their four wives, and God made fast the door
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
 From under heaven, the hills to their supply
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain And now the thicken'd sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood, down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous, and continued, till the earth
 No more was seen the floating vessel swum
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,
 Sea without shore, and in their palaces,
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
 And stabled, of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum unbark'd
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,
 Of fears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy sons, till, gently rear'd
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once,

PARADISE LOST.

And scarce to the angel uttered'st thus thy plaint.
 'O visions ill foreseen! better had I

Lived ignorant of future! so had borne
 My part of evil only, each day's lot

Enough to bear, those now, that were dispensed
 The burden of many ages, on no light

At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,

With thought that they must be Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall

Uim or his children, evil, he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;

And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel,

Grievous to bear, but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped

Famine and anguish will at last consume,
 Wandering that water & desert I had hope,

When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
 All would have then gone well, peace would have

With length of happy days the race of man,
 But I was far deceived for now I see

Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial gundo,

And whether here the race of man will end
 To whom thus Michael 'Those, whom last thou saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,

And great exploits, but of true virtue void
 Who, having spilt much blood and done much waste,

Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,

Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride

Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,

Shall with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
 And fear of God, from whom their pity feign'd

In sharp contest of battle found no aid
 Against invaders therefore, cool'd in zeal,

Henceforth shall practise how to live secure,

Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy, for the earth shall bear
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot,
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurement, custom, and a world
 Offended fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
 On their impenitence, and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observed
 The one just man alive, by his command,
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 To save himself, and household, from amidst
 A world devote to universal wick.
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,
 And shelter'd round but all the cataracts
 Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour
 Rain, day and night, all fountains of the deep,
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
 Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and oies, and sea-mews' clan
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark-hull on the flood,
 Which now abated for the clouds were fled.
 Dryen by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd,

And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
 And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear,
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
 Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Betokening peace with God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth
 'O thou, who future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor! I revive
 At this last sight, assured that man shall live,
 With all the creatures, and their seed prescribe
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
 From one man found so perfect, and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 For him, and all his anger to forget
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven
 Distended, as the brow of God appears'd?
 Or serve they, as the flowery verge, to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?
 To whom the archangel 'Dexterously thou aim'st;

So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man depraved,
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant, never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast, but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his covenant, day and night,
Seed time and harvest, heat, and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherem the just shall dwell

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall then in the mention of Abraham, come by degrees to explain, why the seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the church till his second coming Adam, greatly satisfied and comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael, Eve, who all this while had slept, but with saint's tranquillity to quietness of mind and submission Michael in company with Adam out of Paradise, the first sword saving behind them, and the angels taking their stations guard the place.

As one who in his journey harts at noon,
 Though bent on speed so here the archangel paused
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose,
 Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:
 'Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,
 And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
 Thy mortal sight to fail, objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense.
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 'This second source of men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plentiful crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil and, from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,

Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
 With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
 Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from underground, the mouth of hell
 Of brick; and of that stuff, they cast to build
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven;
 And get themselves a name lest, far dispers'd
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost
 Regardless whether good or evil fame
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
 Obstruct heaven towers, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze
 Quite out their native language; and, instead,
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
 Among the builders, each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm great laughter was in heaven,
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
 And hear the din thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased,
 'O execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given.
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute, that right we hold
 By his donation: but man over men
 He made not lord, such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on man, to God his tower intends
 Siege and defiance, wretched man! what foote
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And furnish him of breath, if not of bread?'

To whom thus Michael 'Justly thou abhorrest
 That son, who on the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty, yet know withal,
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her birth no dividual being.
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate desires,
 And upstart passions, catch the government
 From reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
 Subjects him from without to violent lords,
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom: tyranny must be;
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse
 Yet, sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,
 Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,

"Servant of servants," on his vicious race
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse • till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways,
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
 A nation from one faithful man to spring
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship (O, that men—
 (Canst thou believe ?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the patriarch lived, who 'scaped the flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone
 For gods !) yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
 To call by vision, from his father's house,
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower
 His benediction so, that in his seed
 All nations shall be blest he straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
 Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude,
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains, I see his tents
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
 Of Moreh, there by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert south
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed
 From Hermon east to the great western sea ;
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them • on the shore
 Mount Carmel, here, the double-founted stream,

Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days,
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
 Of Egypt must be dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The river-dragon tamed at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still, as ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls
 As'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
 Though present in his angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning watch,
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels when by command
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys,
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm then war the race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
 War terrify them mexpert, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude, for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
 Their government, and their great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain

PARADISE LOST

From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
 Here Adam interposed 'O sent from heaven,
 Enlighten'r of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly, which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
 Of me and all mankind but now I see
 His day in whom all nations shall be blest;
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given,
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them, how can God with such reside?
 To whom thus Michael 'Doubt not but that
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot,
 And therefore was law given them, to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sur'agant law to fight that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,
 Sav'd by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed, they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease nor man the moral part
 Perform, and, not performing, cannot live
 So law appears imperfect, and but given
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws, to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
 To filial works of law to works of faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly beloved, being but the minister

Of law, his people into Canaan lead
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversary-serpent, and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man,
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest
 Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when unsatiate
 National intemperance their public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;
 From whom as oft he saves their penitent
 By judges just, then under kings, of whom
 The second, both for piety renown'd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that at his regal throne
 For ever shall endure, the like shall sing
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
 A Son, the woman sired to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
 But first, a long succession must ensue,
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wand'ring shall in a glorious temple enshrine
 Such follow him as shall be register'd,
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll
 Whose foul idoltries, and other faults
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd,
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
 To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

They first re-adify; and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple wall: at last they seize
 The scripture, and regard not Devil's sons,
 Then love it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his birth a star,
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold,
 His place of birth, a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night,
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Elements
 He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words which these he breath'd.
 O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my sturdiest thoughts have search'd in vain
 Why our great Expectation should be call'd
 The seed of woman, virgin mother, hail,
 High in the love of heaven, yet from my loins
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God Most High, so God with man unites,
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?
 To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to Godhead; with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy, nor so is overcome.

And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life,
 Still follow'd him to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
 All nations they shall teach, for, from that day,
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest
 Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend
 With victory triumphing through the air
 O'er his foes and thine, there shall surprise
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in heaven or earth, for then the earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days
 So spake the archangel Michael, then paused
 As at the world's great period, and our sire,
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied
 'O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good, more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth

Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join
 Secular power; though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given
 To all believers, and, from that pretence,
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience, laws which none shall find
 Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
 It's consort liberty? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's; for, on earth,
 Who against faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth, the rest, far greater part,
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied, truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
 Rarely be found. so shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning till the day -
 Appear of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him, so lately promised to thy aid,
 The woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.
 He ended, and thus Adam last replied.
 How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,

Portending good, and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission. thou, at season fit,
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
 Lay sleeping, ran before but found her wak'd,
 And thus with words not sad she him received.

'Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know,
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on,
 In me is no delay, with thee to go,
 Is to stay here, without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling, thou to me
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence, though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore.'

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answer'd not, for now, too nigh
 The archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
 The cherubim descended, on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning High in front advanced
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
 Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime, whereat

In either land the hasting angel caught
 Our fingers ; parrots, and to the eastern gate
 Led them down it, and down the cliff as fast,
 To the subjeeted plain, then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the ascent and extent
 Of Paradise, as it is their happy seat,
 Viewed over by that flaming sword, the state
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms ;
 So no natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon ;
 'Till a world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide,
 They, hand in hand, with wild ecstasy, went
 Through Eden took their solitary way.



PARADISE REGAINED.

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BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

THE subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan Jesus coming there is baptized, and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air, where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person, from whom they have so much to dread This office he offers himself to undertake, and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan, but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, ~~what~~ divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God, to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness, where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant, and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God Jesus briefly replies Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness, and

entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself, and, professing his admiration of Jesus, and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation, but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

I, WHO erewhile the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd.
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness
Thou spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victor's field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through height or depth, of nature's bounds,
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd,
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown, but him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd on him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove

The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From heaven pronounced him his beloved Son
 That heard the adversary, who, roving still,
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was given, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then, with envy fraught and rage,
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers,
 Within thick clouds, and darl, tenfold involved,
 A gloomy consistory, and then amidst,
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake
 2 'O ancient powers of air, and this wide worl'
 (For much more willingly I mention air,
 This our old conquest, than remember hell,
 Our hated habitation,) well ye know
 How many ages, as the years of men,
 Thus universe we have possess'd, and ruled,
 In manner at our will the affairs of earth,
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
 Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me, though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted b, the seed of Eve
 Upon my head. Long the decrees of heaven
 Delay, for longest time to him is short,
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein ye
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound
 (At least if so we can, and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air),
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
 Destined to this, is late of woman born.
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
 His coming, is selt harbinger, who all

PARADISE REGAINED.

Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
 Purified, to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King, all come.
 And he himself among them was baptized,
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt I saw
 The prophet do him reverence, on him, rising
 Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head,
 A perfect dove descend, (what'er it meant),
 And out of heaven the sovereign voice I heard,
 'This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd'.
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heaven
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot, we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep,
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Yes, see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed,
 (Not force, but well couched fraud, well woven snarcs,)
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,
 Their King, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully a calmer voyage now
 Will wait me, and the way, found prosperous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success.
 He enu'd, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted, and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings, but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief.
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise.

PARADISE REGAINED

Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost
 By fallacy surprised But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wildorness ;
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ,
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.'

So spake the Eternal Father, and all heaven
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

'Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles !
 The Father knows the Son therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against what² e'er may tempt, what² e'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell,
 And devilish machinations, come to nought !'
 So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned -
 1/ Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
 1/ Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
 Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his god-like office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading ;
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
 With solitude, till, far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
 And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,

His holy meditations thus intended.

'O, what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awake'd in me within, while I consider
 What I am within I feel myself; and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 All swelling with my present state compared I
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Not to be idle and idle, and leisure to do
 What might be possible good, myself I thought
 Born for that end, born to promote all truth,
 All right, as all things therefore, above my years,
 The law of God I read and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grow
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had numbered some six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge, or their own;
 And was admired by all yet this but all
 To which my spirit a proud victorious deed
 Blasted in my heart, here came one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
 Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
 Brutal violence, and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were free, and equity restored:
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, than
 By bloody wars to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear,
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
 Not wisely misdoing, but unwearied
 Misled, the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
 O son, but nourish them and let them soar
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high,
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire,
 For know thou art no son of mortal man,
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,

Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
 All heaven, and earth, angels and sons of men
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
 At thy nativity, a glorious choir
 Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room
 A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
 Guided the wise men thither from the East,
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold.
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star, new given in heaven,
 By which they knew the King of Israel born
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 ' Thus having heard, straight I again revolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake
 I am, this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head
 Yet, neither thus dishearten'd, nor dismay'd,
 The time press'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
 Not knew by sight), now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare!
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,
 Which I believed was from above, but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him, (for it was shown him so from heaven)

Me him, whose ^{former} hunger he was, and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice
 Audibly heard from heaven, pronounced me his
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleased, by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I deriv'd from heaven
 And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
~~So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,~~
 And, looking round, on every side beheld
~~a pathless desert, vast with horrid shades~~
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon, on shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last,
 Among wild beasts, they at his sight grow mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger, glared aloof
 But now an aged man in rural weeds, *Salon*
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warn him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.
 'Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here.
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought,
 I ask thee rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constant by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear
 What happens new. I have also kind us out,
To whom the Son of God, Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek.
 'By miracle he may,' replied the strain,
 What other way I see not, for we here,
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,
 Men to much misery and hardship born,
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard staves be made thee bread,
 So shalt thou stay thyself, and us relieve
 With food, whereof we wreath'd seldom taste.
 He ended, and the Son of God replied.
 'Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
 Our fathers here with manna? In the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank,
 And forty days Elijah, without food, &
 Wander'd the barren waste the same I now:
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
 With this answer'd the arch-angel, now on
 The time I ask that spirit unfortunate,

Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd,
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in the air, nor from the heaven of heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzéan Job;
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth
And, when to all his angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glubb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost.
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense,
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I kno
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds.
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,
Co-partner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be, but long since with woe

PARADISE REGAINED.

Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjourn'd
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
 Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.
 'Deservedly thou grieve'st, composed of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come
 Into the heaven of heavens, thou com'st indeed
 As a poor miserable captive thiall
 Comes to the place where before he had sat
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
 To all the host of heaven the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
 Rather inflames thy torment representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
 So new'st more in hell than when in heaven
 But thou art serviceable to heaven's King?
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths,
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food,
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth, all oracles
 By thee are given, and what confess'd more true
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies
 But what have been thy answers? What but dark
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
 Which they, who asked have seldom understood,
 And, not well understood, as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most

And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
 For God hath justly given the nations up
 To thy delusions, justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but, when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him, or his angels president
 In every province, who, themselves disdaining
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command
 What, to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
 To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,
 Or like a sawning parasite, obey'st
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd,
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
 The Gentiles, henceforth oracles are ceased,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute
 God hath now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know
 So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend,
 Though only stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd
 ' Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me Where
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord,
 From thee I can, and must, submiss endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ;
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore permit me
 To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes),
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspired disdain not such access to me

'Thy coming hither, though I know thy score,
 I bid not, or forbid do as thou find'st
Permission from above, thou canst not more

He added not, and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
 Into thin air diffused for now began

Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
 The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roan.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

After a short time, when the long absence, reason among them
 direct concerning it. Mary's agonies, and to her maternal anxiety, in-
 to expression of what she thought to be any circumstance respecting
 her life and only life of her Son. Satan again meets his infernal
 agents, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed
 Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Thiall proposes
 the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes him for his diso-
 bedience, and tells him all the profligacy of that kind is ruled by the
 law to the contrary gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect
 likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation,
 and when he proposes to tell himself of the circumstances, our Lord re-
 sponds, and, taking a band of the evil spirits with him, returns to
 the wilderness. Jesus himself in the desert. Night comes on,
 and the angels with him. Satan passes the night in describing. Morning
 arrives. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder
 that he should be so long neglected in the wilderness, where others
 had been cruelly fed, he treats him with a sumptuous banquet of the
 most delicious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan,
 seeing our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts
 him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power; this
 Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed
 by persons under various poverty, and specifying the danger of riches
 and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEANTIME the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd.
 Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,
 And on that high authority had believed,
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd; I mean
 Andrew and Symon, famous after known,
 With others, though in holy writ not named
 Now missing him, their joy so lately found
 (So lately found, and so abruptly gone),
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,

And, as the days increased, increased their doubt,
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
 Moses was in the mount and missing long,
 And the great Thysbite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come
 Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho
 The city of palms, Aenon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezarot,
 Or in Perea but return'd in vain
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
 Where winds with weeds and osiers, whispering pl^u
2 Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd
 'Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
 Unlook'd for are we fallen! our eyes behold
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers, we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth
 'Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored,'
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and now amaze
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee arise, and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke,
 But let us wait, thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd

Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall;
 Mock us with his blest sight; then snatch him hence:
 Soon shall we see our hope, our joy return.
 Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought.
 But, to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
 "O, what avails me now that honour high,
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,
 "Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!"
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot
 Of other women, by the birth I bore;
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly,
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem,
 From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any lung; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son, own'd from heaven by his Father's voice,
 I look'd for some great change, to honour I no.
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high!
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest,

PARADISE REGAINED.

I will not argue that, nor will repine
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him when twelve years he scarce had seen
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His father's business, what he meant I mused,
 Since understand, much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inured,
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things;
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thought
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high.
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began
 'Princes, heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones
 Demonian spirits now, from the element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
 Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
 (So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble), such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was empower'd,
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,

However to this man inferior far,
 If he be man by mother's side, at least
 With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds
 Therefore I am returned, lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure-
 Of like succeeding here. I summon all
 Rather to be unreadiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
 Tho' none my equal, now be over-match'd.
 So spake the old serpent, doubting; and from all
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid,
 At his command when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissoluteest spirit that fell,
 The sensualist, and, after Asmodei,
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised.
 "Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues,
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
 Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw
 Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resoluteest breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives,
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd
 "Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself, because of old
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, adorning

PARADISE REGAINED

Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys,
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Aymone, Syinx, many more
 Too long, thou lay'st thy 'scapes on names adored;
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
 Satyr, or Fann, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all, among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd,
 How he, surnamed of Africa, dismiss'd,
 In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state,
 Thence to the brut of women lay exposed.
 But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things. What woman will you find
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell
 How would one look from his majestic brow,

Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands
 In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
 Therefore with maner objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd
 On that which only seems to satisfy
 Joyful desires of nature, not beyond,
 And now I know he hungers, where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay
 He ceased, and heard their grant of loud acclaim,
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of spirits, likeliest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part;
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
 Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.
 'Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks, yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,

PARADISE REGAINED

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will :
 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven, there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood.
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought.
 He saw the prophet also how he fled
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a jumper, then how wak'd
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse
 Those wore out night and now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, high towering to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
 As lightly from his grassy couch uprose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round
 If cottage were in view, sheep cote or herd,
 But cottage, herd, or sheep cote, none he saw.
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chant of tuneful birds, resounding loud.
 Thither he bent his way, determined there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene,
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art),
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
 Of wood gods and wood-nymphs, he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,

Not rustic as before, but seemlier glad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
 'With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute; and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
 Outcast Nehemoth, yet found here relief.
 By a providing angel, all the race
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from heaven manna, and that prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.'

To whom thus Jesus 'What conclud'st thou hence?'
 'They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.
 How hast thou hunger then?' Satan replied.
 'Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
 Wouldst thou not eat?' 'Thereafter as I like,
 The giver,' answer'd Jesus 'Why, should thine
 Cause thy refusal?' said the subtle fiend.
 'Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse,
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,
 Nature, ashamed, or, better to express,
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store,
 To treat thee, as begets, and as her Lord,
 With honour, only design to sit and eat.'

He spake no dream, for, as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,
 In ample space under the broadest shade

A table richly spread, in regal mode,
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
 And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry bult, or from the spyt, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd, all fish, from sea or shore,
 Freshet or purling brook, or shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was dram'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afrie coast
 (Alas ! how simple to these cates compar'd,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !)
 And at a stately sideboard by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas, distant more
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And Idies of the He-perides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells
 Such was the splendour, and the tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

'What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdect
 Defends the touching of these viands pure,
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord,
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat
 To whom thus Jesus temperately replied
 'Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my power that right to use?

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant
 Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
 Why shouldst thou then obtunde this diligence
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but gules
 To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent.
 That I have also power to give, thou seest.
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard
 Only the importune tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursued.
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurement yields to appetite,
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 High actions, but wherewith to be achieved?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
 Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
 What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain?
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy coat?

For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears.
 Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
 His passions, desires, and fears, is more a king
 Than every wild and virtuous man attains.
 And who attains not, ill appears to rule
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
 Subject himself to anarchy within,
 Or lawless passions in him; which he serves
 But to guide nations in the way of truth
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,
 As more kingly; this attracts the soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind,
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay do you
 Yet more ungracious than to assume.
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
 And for the reason why they should be sought,
 To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.

extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Indica really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of those tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly reviewed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his elected throne, he shall not be slack, he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always shown himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their iniquity, but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and happiness.

So spoke the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confused and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With something words renew'd, him thus accords
‘Ere thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do,
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Of strains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conspire
Thy counsel could be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old,
Infallible, or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of command would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethiopian, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest?

'By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
 Great cities by assault. what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd,
 Without ambition, war, or violence,
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance I mention still
 Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd, if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am
 To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied.
 'Think not so slight of glory, therein least
 Resembling thy great Father he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs, nor content in heaven

By all his angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied
 'And reason since his word all things produced,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely, of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense,
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return,
 For so much good, so much beneficence!
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits received,
 Turn'd recant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance'

So spake the Son of God, and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself,
 Inhabitable of glory, had lost all,
 Yet of another plea bathought him soon
 'Of glory, as thou wilt,' said he, 'so deem
 Worth or not worth the striving, let it pass.
 But in a hint, from thou art born, ordain'd
 To see thy father's house, thy father's throne,

By mother's side thy father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms
 Judea now and all the promised land,
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway, oft have they violated
 The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
 So did not Maccabens he indeed
 Retired into the desert, but with arms,
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty, and zeal and duty are not slow,
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
 The happier reign, the sooner it begins
 Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned
 ' All things are best fulfill'd in their due time
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said,
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so, when begin,
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best

Can suffer, best can do, best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd, just trial, ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee, when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou
 Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter, only rack'd, replied.
 'Let that come when it comes, all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace what worse?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments, me than the feeling can
 I would be at the worst worst is my port,
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime, whatever, for itself condemn'd;
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign, or reign not, though to that gentle brow
 Willingly could I sit, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition as a summer's cloud
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
 That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'
 Shortsojourn, and what thence couldst thou observe?

The world thou hadst not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead
 The wisest, inexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 These rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand

With that (such power was given him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant from his side two rivers flow'd,
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between
 Fair champagn with less rivers intervow'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine,
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
 Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry
 To this high mountain-top the tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began
 ' Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league, here thou behold'st
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond to south the Persian bay,
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought,
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,

Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmannassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns,
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free, Persepolis,
 His city, there thou see'st, and Bactra there;
 Tebataur her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates,
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings, of later frame,
 Built by Eumathian or by Parthian hands,
 The great Selenela, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata, Tercdon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
 All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first
 That empire) under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great power, for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon, hath gathered all his host
 Against the Seythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana to her aid
 He marches now in haste, see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit,
 All horsemen, in which fight they must excel,
 See how in whatlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings,
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless.
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops,
 In coats of mail and military pride,
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Francing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound,
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Medr, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight,
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke
 Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
 And waggons, fraught with utensils of war,
 Such forces met not, nor so wild a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Beseged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd

‘That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark,
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown
 All this fair sight, thy kingdom, though foretold
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain, prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes
 But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,
 By free consent of all, none opposite,

Samaritan or Jew, how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,
 Between two such inclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive led away her kings
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus, bound,
 Maugre the Roman it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren those ten tribes,
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed.
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
 Shall reign, and Rome or Caesar need not fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmoved.
 'Much ostentation v'n of fleshly arm
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off,) is not yet come.
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need

Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes,
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three day's pestilence? Such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me!
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroath,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers, but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? No, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length (time to himself best known)
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood;
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promised land their fathers passed
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the Lord
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends

tion, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth; purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah, and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he laid from that time, more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his 'fatal enemy.' In this he acknowledged he has hitherto completely failed, but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple of Jerusalem, and placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls, and repurs his informal competitors to relate the had success of his enterprise. Anger in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost, but Eve was live
This far his overmatch, who, self deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own
But as a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, overreached where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for every spite,
Still will be tempting him who soils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more,
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound,
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
'(Vain battery!') and in froth or bubbles end,
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
'Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,

Washed by the southern sea, and, on the north,
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,
From cold septentrion blast, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interposed,
(By what strange parallax, or optie skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire)
And now the tempter thus his silence broke

'The city which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations, there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass hugo and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires,
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed
My aery microscope, thou mayst behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hastening, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turns of horse and wings,
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,

Or on the Emilian . some from the farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle and, more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black moor sea
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these .
 From India and the Golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white sil' en turbans wreathed ;
 From Galba, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay ,
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
 In ample territory, wealth, and power,
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian . These two thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed ,
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
 To Caprea, an island small, but strong,
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy ,
 Committing to a wicked favourite
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating . With what ease,
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke ?
 And with my help thou may'st, to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee .
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world .
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd,
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will .
 To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied .

'Nor dash the stars of ir and regal show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence
 'Tis more than of auras before, allure mine eye,
 Such less my word, though thou should'st add to tell
 Of erasptine as guttines, and gorgeous feasts
 Of eastern robes of Attire stings,
 (But I have and heard, perhaps have read, I
 Their wines of Asia, Cakes, and Ierne,
 Cakes and Cakes, and how they quaff in gold,
 Cry: I, and my rouse cup, laboured with gems
 Art made of pearl, to me should'st tell, who thirst
 'Tis hunger still. Then ceaseless thou should'st
 In nations far and nigh: what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Ours which flatteries? Then proceed to talk
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutal monster; what if I with I
 Expel a devil, who has made him such?
 Let his tormentor consider to find him out
 For him I was not cut, nor yet to free
 That people, victor once, now vile and base;
 Deserv'dly made vassal, who, once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 Let govern all the nations under yoke,
 Filling their provinces, a charmed all
 By lust and rapine, first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity,
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood mured
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed
 Lavish by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree;
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,

And of my kingdom there shall be no end
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied,

'I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st,
Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,

Or nothing more than still to contradict
On the other side know also thou, that I

On what I offer set as high esteem
Nor what I put with mean to give for nought.

All these, which in a moment thou beholdest,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give

(For, given to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle, yet with this reserve, not else,

On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord

(Easily done), and hold them all of me,
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain
'I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,

Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition

But I endure the time, till which expired
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,

The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve

And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurs'd? now more accurs'd

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous, which expect to rue.

The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,

Other donation none thou canst produce
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,

God over all supreme? if given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now

Repaid! but gratitude in thee is lost
Long since Wert thou so void of fear or shame,

As offer them to me the Son of God?
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,

That I still should and worship thee as God?
 But thou believ'st me; I am thou now appear'st
 That end I see, Sister for ever dream'd.

To what's the end? with fear and love, replied
 The answer to a council, Son of God,

Though I can of God both words and name,
 If I can try whether I should be

Then thou thou bearest that title, have proposed
 While I am as a man and angel receive,

To be a Son of God, as I am, and on the earth,
 Nations should from all the corner'd world,

That of this world stretch'd, and world beneath
 Who love thee thus, and none as I am is told

To be a Son of God, most most concern,
 That thou with admiration be no way,

Rather than to be a Son of God and more esteem.
 My right to be a Son of God, what I am'd.

Thou shalt be a Son of God, as they are transitory,
 The King of this world, I shall no more

Admire thee, gain them as thou art, or not
 And thou thyself a Son of God, as I am'd

Thou to a worldly crown, admitted more
 To come to judgment and profound dispute,

As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st

Down into the temple, there wast found
 Among the greatest rabbies, disputant

On points and questions sitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught The childhood shows the man,

As morning shows the day be famous then
 By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,

So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend

All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote

The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light,

And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st,

Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?

PARADISE REGAINED.

How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south west, behold
 Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands,
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits,
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades,
 See there the olive grove of *Academe*,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flow'ry hill *Hymettus*, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing, there *Ilissus* rolls
 His whispering stream within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages his who bred
 Great *Alexander* to subdue the world,
Lycæum there, and pointed *Stoa* next
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian* lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind *Mæsis* genes, thence *Homer* call'd,
 Whose poem *Phœbus* challenged for his own
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus, or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
 High actions, and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 'Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
 To *Macedon* and *Artaxerxes'* throne,
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house

Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracles pronounced
 Wiser of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Millions of streams, that water'd all the schools
 Of Academe old and new, with those
 Strained Peripatetics, and the sect
 Of Epicurus, and the Stoa severe,

These here revolve, or, as thou liest, at home.
 'Till some great stone thee to a kingdom's weight,
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.)

To show our wisour sagely thus replied.

'Think not but that I know the things, or think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought he, who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other science needs, though granted true.
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Scepter'd, sure, built on nothing firm
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew
 The next to fabling fall, and smooth conceits.

A third set doth all things, though plain sense
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

Be a virtue jointed with riches and long life,
 In corporal pleasure lie, and careless ease,
 The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts con-action to evade.

Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves

All glory arrogate, to God give none,
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion,
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets;
 An empty cloud. However, many books,
 Wise men have said are wearisome, who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicata, collecting toys,
 And triles for choice matters, worth a sponge
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore
 Or, if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language, can I find
 That solace! All our law and story strew'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
 That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these ruts deriv'd,
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own,
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excell'g,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,
 The holiest of holies, and his saints
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from thee,)
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature, not in all quite lost
 Their errors thou then extoll'st as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And locusts of their country, &c. may seem,

But hark to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The wiser rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome
In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat.
I live only with our law best form a king.

So speaks the Son of God, but Satan, now
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent,)
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.

'Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Empire nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
For thee is fittest place I found thee there,
And thence will return thee yet remember
What I foretold thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely, or cautiously, my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attitud thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning, for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set'

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired,) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,

PARADISE REGAINED

Feigning to disappear Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering night,
 Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light, and absent dry.
 Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose bracing arms thick interwined might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But, shelter'd, slept in vain; for at his head
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep And either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds,
 From many a horrid rift, abertie pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconciled, nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
 Bow'd their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
 Unshaken! Nor yet stand the terror there,
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,



To gratulate the sweet return of morn
 Ner yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,
 The prince of darkness : glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device (they all were spent,)
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood,
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said.

' Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night I heard the wrack,
 As earth and sky would mingle, but myself
 Was distant, and these flows, though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone,
 Yet, as being oft times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill
 This tempest at this desert most was bent,
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is nowhere told
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd no doubt,
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means Each act is rightliest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best,
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay

PARADISE REGAINED.

Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign;
 So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus
 'Me worse than wet thou find'st not, other harm
 Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none,
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh what they can do as signs
 Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee,
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,
 At least might seem to ho'd all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit' and would'st be thought my god,
 And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discern'd,
 And toilest in vain), nor me in vain molest'
 To whom the fiend, now swollen with rage, replied
 'Then hear, O son of David, virgin born,
 For son of God to me is yet in doubt,
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
 By all the prophets, of thy birth at length,
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth night that sung the Saviour born,
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred,
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
 Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from heaven
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
 The son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am, relation stands,

All men are sons of God, yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declared
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary; who
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent
 By parls or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm,
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contain'd, and may again
 Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,
 Another method I must now begin

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn

'There stand, if thou wilt stand, to stand upright
 Will ask thee shall, I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed highest is best
 Now show thy progeny, if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down safely, if Son of God
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone

To whom thus Jesus 'Also it is written,

The Son of God, with godlike force endued
 Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise ! Him long of old
 Thou didst debar, and down from heaven cast
 With all his army, now thou hast avenged
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot
 In Paradise to tempt, his snares are broke
 For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
 A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear
 But thou, infernal serpent ! shalt not long
 Rule, in the cloud, like an autumnal star,
 Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down
 Under his feet for proof, ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)
 By this repulse received, and hold'st in hell
 No triumph in all her gates Abaddon runs
 Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
 To dread the Son of God he, all unarm'd,
 Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions yelling they shall fly
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
 Lest he command them down into the deep,
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time
 Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
 Queller of Satan ! on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.'

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
 Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,
 Brought on his way with joy, he, unobserved,
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, etc., per misericordiam et metum perficiens
talem affectuum illustrationem

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passages well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33, and Paraus, commenting on Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes, happening through the poet's error of intermix

[illegible]

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtilties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair
 But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane;
 And proves the source of all my miseries
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or contempt,
 Light, the prime work of God, is now extinct,
 And all her various objects are
 Annul'd, which might have been eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest no
 Of man or worm, the world is now
 They creep, yet see I all exposed
 To daily fraud, contrivance, and wrong,
 Within doors, or with the crafty school,
 In power of others, now I am
 Scarce half I seem to be, more than half
 O dark, dark, dark, as if noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, as if noon,
 Without all hope of light
 O first created beam, answer thou great Word,
 'Let there be light' and let it be over all;
 Why am I thus forsaken by thee?
 The sun to me is hid, the moon
 And silent stars, when I am thus
 When I am thus, when I am thus
 Hid in this dark, dark cave
 Since light is necessary to life,
 And all life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part; why was this sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?

And not, as if she; through all parts dressed,
 That she might look at all through every pore;
 Then had I not but a thin veil from light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried, but, O yet more miserable
 Myself my sepulchre, a robbing grave.
 Buried, yet not at rest,
 My privilege of death's d d counsel,
 From worst of other evil, I am and wrongs
 But made hereby of no good word
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among barbarian folk.
 But who are these, all with joint parts I hear
 The tread of many feet at once, this way.
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Their daily practice, to a just no more

Peter Cries

Chor This, too is he, softly a while
 Let us not break in upon him
 O change beyond report, thought or belief
 See how he lies at rest now, carelessly dressed,
 With languish'd head unropt,
 As one past hope abandon'd,
 And by himself given over,
 In slavish habit, ill fitted w
 O'erworn and soiled,
 Or do my eyes misrepresent *Just before,*
 That heroic, that renowned
 Irresistible Samson? who
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the lamb;
 Ran on embattled armics clad in iron;
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and force of mail

Adamantéan proof?

But safest he who stood aloof,

When insupportably his foot advanced,

In scorn of their proud arms, and warlike tools,

Spurn'd them to death by troops The bold Ascalonite,

Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd

Their plated backs under his heel,

Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the dust

Then, with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,

A thousand fore skins fell, the flower of Palestine;

In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day,

Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore

The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,

No journey of a sabbath-day and loaded so,

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven

Which shall I first bewail

Thy bondage or lost sigh

Prison within prison

Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O thou lament!)

Woe dungeon of thy

In which men enjoy (but cause complain,)

Imprison'd now

In real darkness

Shut up from

To incorporate

Cor inward

Plats forth

murr-ra state,

in sed n parallel'd!

The far stands,

But he top of wondrous glory,

Strongest

To lowest pitch, yet fortune thou art fallen.

For him I reckon not in high estate

Whom long descent of birth,

Or the sphere of fortune, raises,

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mat,

Might have subdued the earth,

SAMSON AGONISTES

Universally crown'd with highest praises,
Sams I hear the sound of war! their cause the
 Dissolves unjoin'd (no it reach my ear,
Chor Ho up ah, let us draw nigh. Watchless, in re

The glory life of Israel, low the grief,
 We come, thy friends and neighbours, not unknown,
 From Hebron and Zorn's fruitful vale,
 To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring.
 Survive to thy woes, apt words have power to swage
 The tumour of a troubled mind,
 And are as balms to tender wounds.

Sams Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
 Now of my own experience not by talk,
 How counterfit it is that they are thy friends
 Bear in their superscription of the most

I would be under-toil'd in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adversity their head,
 Not to be soiled, though I'm whitely so, O friends,
 How many evils have enfolded me round,

Yet that which was the worst now is my ally,
 Blindness, for had I seen, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or leave the land,
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked

My vessel trust'd to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd, and for a world, a tear
 Fool! have divulged the secret out of Gath

To a deceitful woman! Tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street I do they not say, How well

Are come upon him his doers! Yet I
 Immeasurable strength they might thus let go,
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than I
 Thus with the other should at last be sold.

Chor 'Tis not divine disposal, wisest men
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived,
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise

Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder

Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thine own nation, and as noble

Sams The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed,
The daughter of an infidel they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on, that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had I fond wish too late)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalia,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd spouse
I thought it lawful from my former state,
And the same end, still watch
Israel's oppressors of what

She was not the prime cause
Who, vanquish'd with a power
Gave up my fort of silen

Chor In seeking :

The Philistine, thy

Thou never wast a

Yet Israel still se

Sams That I am not me, but transfer

On Israel's go

Who, seeing

Singly by n

Acknowledge

Delivera

Used n

The d

But

To coun

Their lords

Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then

Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;

Not flying, but forecasting in what place

To set upon them, what advantag'd best

Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent

SAMSON AGONISTES

The harass of their land, beset me round,
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords, but cords to me were threads
 Touch with the flame, on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth, they only lived who fled
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom they now serve
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised
 As their deliverer? if he ought begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Chor Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penue!l
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
 Of Madian, and her vanquish'd kings
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that sore battle, when so many d
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sams Of such examples add me to the
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's proposed deliverance not so

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men,
 Unless there be who think not God at all:
 If any be, they walk obscure,
 For of such doctrine never was there school,

But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution,
Till by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution

As if they would confine the interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt

Tor with his own laws he can best dispense
He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings, down!
Though reason here aver,
That moral verdict quits her of unclean
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain, not his

But see, here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah advise

Forthwith, thou ought'st to receive him

Sams me! another inward grief, awaked
With mention of that name, renews the assault

Enter Manoah

Man Brethren, and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place, if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd

As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God given me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy
 Thus well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
 But warn'd by oft experience, did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me;
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stored, in what part sur'd that she might know,
 Thrice I deluded her, and to sport
 Her importunity, each time
 How openly, and with
 She purposed to betray, as worse
 Than undissembled, at contempt
 She sought to mangle myself,
 Yet the fourth, offering all her wiles,
 With brand, from nine assaults,
 Tongue-bat of, not day nor night
 To storm me, and wearied out,
 At times, lost repose and rest,
 I yielded, for all my heart,
 Who, manhood well resolved,
 Might have shook off all her snares
 But she held me yoked,
 Her indignity, O blot
 To humiliate my servile mind
 Rewarded with servile punishment
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,

Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end, all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon, Dagon hath presumed,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked.
 But will arise, and his great name assert
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his worshippers

Man With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a prophecy receive for God,
 Nothing more certain, not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his name
 Against all competition, it is long
 Endure it doubtful whether he be Lord,
 Or Dagon But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
 Neglected I already have made way
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
 About thy rans, as well they may by this
 Have satisfied their thirst of revenge
 By pains and torments worse than death inflicted
 On thee, which thou canst do them harm,

Sams Oposal, father, spare the trouble
 Of that I list me here,
 As I desire my punishment,
 And am sensible my crime,
 She would satisfy To have reveal'd
 The secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front! But I
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly, at least, and shamefully, a sin

That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;
But act not in thy own affliction, son
Repent the sin, but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact.
Thy penal forfeit from thy self perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt,
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and such submissions),
Him, who, beseeching mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due.
Which argues over just, and not displeased
For self-offence, more than for offence.
Reject not then what others seek to earn; who know
But God hath set before thee life to return thee
Home to thy country, and thy sacred house,
Where thou may'st hark thy offerings, to avert
His farther ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

Sams His pardon I implore, but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heaven foretold, and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger like a petty god
I walk'd about admired of all, and trusted
On hostile ground, none daring venture
Then, swollen with pride, into the snare
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven, and disarm'd among my enemies



Chor Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream

Sams Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes

Chor O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong
Whose drink was only from the

Sams But what avail'd this, not complete
Against another object more
What boots it at one gate to

And at another to let in the
Effeminately vanquish'd
Now blind, dishearten'd, quell'd,
To what can I be

My nation, and the
But to sit idle

A burdensome
Or pitied ob-

Robustious
Vain mon-

And sed-

To a

Here

Till

Consume

Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,

Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast
 And I persuade me so, why art this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks!
 His might continues in thee not for aught,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sara. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall meet with light,
 Nor the other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand.
 So much I feel my genial spirits drop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me dead
 In all her functions weary of herself;
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest

Mena. Believe not these suggestions which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else mean I'll be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit

Sara. O that torment should not be continued
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins,
 But must secret passage find
 To the inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense!

My griefs not only pain me,
 Is a lingering disease,
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds unmedicable
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.

Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heaven's desertion

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,
 His destined from the womb,
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain.
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,
 Against the uncircumcised, our enemies
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope,
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my rages, and the balm.

Chor My friends, the sayings of the wise,
 In our ancient books enroll'd,
 Extolling the truest fortitude,
 And to all calamities,
 All chance to man's frail life,
 Consolation with
 With studied argument, and much persuasion song
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint
 Unless he feel within

If aught in my duty may serve
To lighten what thou sufferst, and appear a
Thy mind with what attempt is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed

Some Out, out, he, and thou art thy worst
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deserve, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, to sue,
And reconcilement make with sacred vows,
Confess, and pronounce words in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband how far urged his patience be,
His virtue or weakness which way, to reveal
Then with more caution and more bold still
Again transgresses, and again submits,
That wisest and best man, full of compassion,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction cut off,
As I by thee, to serve an example

Dal Yet hear me, Samson, not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on the other side, if it be weigh'd
By itself, and aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy interest less
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune,
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults -
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherewith consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst not first the way,
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
 How to endure, and hold thee to me firmest
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety Thou wilt say,
 Why then revealed? I was assured by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold.
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed,
 Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of perils in my love
 These reasons in love past for good,
 Though fond and foolish, some perhaps
 And love hath wrought, wrought much woe
 Yet always hath obtain'd.
 Be not unkind, not austere
 As thou art inflexible as steel
 If thou art mortal mortals dost exceed,
 In unkindness thy anger do not so
 Sams cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears I gave, thou say'st, the example
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission
 But love constrain'd thee call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust love seeks to have a love
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st thine
 To raise in me inexorable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more
Dal Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snarls besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,
 Which might have awed the best resolv'd of men,
 The constantest to have yielded without blame
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how justly,
 How honourable, how glorious, to 'scape
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation, and the nearest
 Was not behind, but, ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods,
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of Dagon what had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest at length that ground'd maxim

So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority,
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd,
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining
Sams I thought were all thy circling wiles would end,
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended;
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation, chose thee from among
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing,
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country, nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs if aught against my life
 Thy country sought, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than heathen rites, violating the ends
 For which our laws were made so dear,
 Not therefore, But zeal moved thee,
 To please the gods, didst it, gods, unable
 To act, and prosecute their foes
 But the gods, the contradiction
 Of thy duty, gods cannot be,
 Less than to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
 These false pretences, and varnish'd colours, failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?
Dal In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse whatever be her cause
Sams For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals,

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best,
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson
 Afford me place to show what recompense
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided, only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights,
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
 Eye sight exposes daily man abroad
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house to shade
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age,
 With all things grateful cheer'd and so supplied,
 That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shall miss

Sams No, no, of my condition take no care,
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twin
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed,
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught I know thy train,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy guns, and toils
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
 No more on me have power, thy force is null'd;
 So much of Aklor's wisdom have I turn'd,
 To fence my ear against thy sorcerie
 If in my flower of youth and strength when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me,
 How would'st thou use me now, blind and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom? how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords

To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile ?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand

Sams Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that,
 Bewail thy falsehood and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives !
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason ! so farewell

Dal I see thou art implacable, more deaf

To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore,
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced ?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own
 Fame, if not double faced, is double mouth'd,
 And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight
 My name perhaps among the circumcised
 In Dan, in Issachar, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity stand defamed,
 With the name of the traitor, and the blot
 Of the adulterer, and the conjugal traduced.
 But I must go, where I most desire,
 In the land of Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famous
 Of warriors, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands ; my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers,
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim

Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd,
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown
 At this whoever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own

Chor She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting,
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd

Sams So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life

Chor Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
 And secret sting of amorous remorse

Sams Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life,

Chor It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
 That woman's love can win or long inherit,
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,

(Which way so ever men refer it,)

Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit

If any of these, or all, the Timman bride
 Had not so soon prefer'd

Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compared,
 Successor in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor thus lost so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best

In choice, but oftenest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms,
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslaved
 With dotage, and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of Heaven, who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines, and most is acc' above

Therefore God's universal
 Gave to the man despotic,
 Over his female in due
 Nor from that right
 Smile she or lour

So shall he leas'
 On his whole
 By female may'd.

But had see a storm

Sam e oft contracted wind and rain

Or other kind of tempest brings

abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor w for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bay'd words, a rougher tongue

Draw' ward, I know him by his stride,

The gnat Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

I less conjecture, than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way,
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

Sams Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes

Chor His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives

Enter *Harapha*.

Har I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeased,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field,
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams The way to know were not to see, but taste.

Har Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown
So had the glory of prowess been over d
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
From the unforeshinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts, that honour,
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

Sams Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

Sams Such usage as your honourable lords

Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
 Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 And put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-brace and grives, and gauntlet, add thy spear.
 A weaver's beam, and seven times fold'd shuckl,
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And take such outcomes on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee.
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disprize glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from heaven
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
 Where strength and pride, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles, as the ridge that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd w^h ^hed porcupines
Sains is, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in God, who gave me
 At my birth strength, diffused
 No ^h of my sinews, joints, and bones,
 That I preserved these locks unshorn
 My unviolated vow
 For proof to God, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells

Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Arow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
 With the utmost of his godhead seconded
 Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and, fetter'd send thee
 Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Dify thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose god is God,
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore

Har Fair honour that thou dost thus flout in trusting,
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer, a revolter, and a ro. . .

Sams Tongue-doughty giant, how 'st thou provest these?

Har Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee
 As a league breaker, and delivered bound
 Into our hands, for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,

To others did no violence nor spoil

SARIS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
And in your city held my nuptial feast.
But your ill meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
That solved the riddle which I had proposed
When I perceived all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, whatever chanced,
I used hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords,
It was the force of conquest, force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league breaker gave up bound, presumed
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts
I was no private, but a person rused
With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,
To free my country, if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for naught,
The unworthier they whence to this day they serve
I was to do my part as an assign'd,
And had perform'd my own offence
Had not disarmed you of your force
These shifts are yours, not thy appellants,
Though by your means I was maim'd for high attempts,
Who now I see, I can scarce to single fight,
As a private person of small enforce
If I were a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd
Driv'n to capital punishment?

But no man of arms will deign.

Must thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descend on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd,
But take good heed my hand survey not thee
Hur. O Baal zebub! can my ears unused,

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Sams No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable, bring up thy van.
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sams Go, brul'd coward! lest I run upon thee
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,

And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.
Har By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries, in irons laden on thee

Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe

Sams I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief

Chor He will directly to the lords, I fear,
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sams He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not

And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd,
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,

If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping

With no small profit daily to my owners
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove

My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best,

Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine,
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd
 When God into the hands of their deliverer

Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth
 He all their ammunition
 And seats of war descats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd
 Their armouries and magazines contents,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can mislead
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men, but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown.
 This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the world - try thy hands
 And yet perhaps - is behind,
 For I descry th
 Some other to - hand
 A sceptre o - he bears,
 Comes on - in his look.
 By his - him now
 A pu - and now at hand,
 His - be short and soluble

Enter Offici.

Jehovah, the prisoner Samson Lera Lark.
 His manacles renark him, there Lo artz
 Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say

SAMSON AGONISTS.

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly:
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad,
 To appear as his before the illustrious lords.

Sam. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them.
 Our law forbids at their religious rites
 My presence, for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, he assumed, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword players, and every sort
 Of gymnastic arts, wretches, rulers, runners,
 Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
 But they must pick me out, with shackles tied,
 And over labour'd in their public mill,
 To make them sport with their activity?
 Do they not seek for seed of new quarrels,
 On my refusal to distress me more,
 Or make a game of my calamities?
 Return the way to our cities?

Off. Regard that thou wilt offend them highly.

Sams. Myself my presence, and internal peace
 Can they think me so broken so debased
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands,
 Although then dredg'd, to be their fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
 To show them feats, and play before their god,
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,
 Brooks no delay is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit*

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.
Chor. Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break,
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

Sams - Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous!
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean

Sams - Not in their idol worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power

Chor - Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sams - Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command,
Commands are no constraints - If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind - which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor - How thou wilt here come off, surmounts my reach.

Sams - Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which disclose
To something extraordinary my thoughts
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite
If there be aught of presage in the maid,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor - In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off - Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say - Art thou our slave?

Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming! come without delay,
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmer fasten'd than a rock.

Sams. I can'd be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go
Masters' commands come with a power restless
To such as owe them absolute subjection,
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men.)
Yet thus be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution doff these links,
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell, your company alone
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends, and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-fermented priest than soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people, on their holy days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself.

The last of me or no, I cannot warrant. *Exe. with the Off.*
Chor. Go, and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames, after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire that spirit, that first rush'd on thee
 In the camp of Dan, -
 Be efficacious in thee now at need
 For never was from Heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile
 He seems, supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news

Enter Manoah

Man. Peace with you brethren, my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords now parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly
 But that, which moved my coming now, was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty

Chor That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

Man I have attempted one by one the lords,
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone, and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner
 Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite
 That paid most reverence'd Dagon and his priests;
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Privile reward, for which both god and state
 They easily would set to sale a thing
 More generous far and civil, who confid' d
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduced
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were proposed

SAMSON AGONISTES

What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.
Chor Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shown
Man His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe; than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left

No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forgo

And quit not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
Chor Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all,

Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,

Made older than thy age through eye sight lost
Man It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled

With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd

And I, persuade me, God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift

Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him
 And since his strength with eye sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye sight to his strength

Chor Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,

In both which we, as next, participate
Man I know your friendly minds and,—O what noise
 Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout?

Chor Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perished?
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,

SAMSON AGONISTES

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distinct, to know well what I utter.

Man Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.
Mess Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen

Man Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,
The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.
Man Relate by whom

Mess By Samson.

Man That still lessens
The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy

Mess Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

Man Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.
Mess Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man The worst indeed O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sots all free,
Hath paid his ransom now, and full discharge

What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he death, to life is crown or shame
All by him fell, thou say'st by whom fell he?

Mess Unwounded of his enemies he fell
Man Wounded with slaughter, then, or how? explain
Mess By his own hands.

Man Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd,
The edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man O lastly over strong against thyself!

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge
 More than enough we know ' but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct

Mess Occasions drew me early to this city
 And, as the gates I entered with sun rise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street, little had I despatch'd,
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games,
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle
 The building was a spacious theatre
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the lords, and each degree
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
 The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,
 I among these aloof obscurely stood
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad, before him pipes,
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Riffed the air, clamouring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall
 He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendous force
 None daring to appear antagonist
 At length for intermission's sake they led him
 Between the pillars, he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over tir'd to let him lean a while

SAMSON AGONISTS

With both his arms on those two masonry pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support
 He, unsuspecting, led him which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head while inclined,
 And eyes fast fix'd, he stood as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
 'Hitherto, lords, what your commands impose I
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight behold
 None of my own record such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold'
 Thus utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd,
 As, with the force of winds and waters met,
 When mountains tremble those two masonry pillars
 With horrible convulsions on to and fro
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst or thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast
 Samson, with these mix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself,
 The vulgar only 'scap'd, who stood without.
Chor O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now thy vict'rous
 Among thy slain self kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
 Than all thy life hath slain before
 I *Semichor* While then hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dierd who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary,

Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer,
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fallen into wrath divine,

As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck

2 *Semichor* But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused

From under ashes into a sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged

Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads
 So virtue, given for lost,

Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten bird

In the Arabian woods embost,
 That no second knows, nor third,

And lay erawhile a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd
 Revives, refflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deemed,

And, though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives

Man Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies

Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor

Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails the loss of his friend Edward King, who was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland in 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height) -

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with' forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwent, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring! "
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self same hill, *a*
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill :
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd *h*
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn, *e*
We drove a-field, and both together heard *h*
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn, *e*

LYCIDAS

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westerling wheel.
 • Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and fawns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;
 And old Dainctas loved to hear our song.
 But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobes wail,
 When first the white thorn blows
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear,
 Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
 Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream
 Ah me! I fondly dream,
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visago down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days :
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life ' But not the praise
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ,
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed
 - O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth sliding Minius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my oar proceeda,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ,
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory
 They knew not of his story ,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd .
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe
 ' Ah ! who hath rest,' quoth he, ' my dearest pledge ?'
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Gal'lean lake ,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain

LYCIDAS.

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scribble at the shearers' feast,
 And shew away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind months' that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What reeds they? They are sped,
 And when they lat, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoll'n with wind and the rank must they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said
 But that two handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian-Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them luther cast
 Their hills, and flowerets of a thousand hues
 Ye valleys low, where the wild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears -
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodills fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies

For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away. where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perishest, under thewhelming tale,
 Visit at the bottom of the monstrous world,
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks towards Namincos and Bayona's hold,
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye Dolphins, wist the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunken though he be beneath the watery floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-sprangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Dorian lay.
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

L' ALLEGRO.

HEUCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings,
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Laphrosyne,
And by men, heart easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy crowned Bacchus bore
Or whether, (as some sager sing,)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimpled cheek, -
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides

Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic too,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free,
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing scuttle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
~~Stoutly struts his damo~~
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the lumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill
 Sometimes walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nimbling flocks do stray;

Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herb-, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thetis to bind the sheaves,
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the check'd shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun shine holy day,
 Till the live long day light fail
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fiery Urth the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said
 And he, by fire's lantern led
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of door he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matins rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering wids soon lull'd asleep
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace lugh triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry.
 Such sights, as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream
 -Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
 -Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony,
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live

All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 O'er thy decent shoulders drawn
 Come, but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commencing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast,
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aya round about Jove's altar sing
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute silence lust along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even song,
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

IL PENSEROSO.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground, .
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek !
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,

That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride
And if aught else great bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and froun'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But hush'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Shedding with the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves
And, when the sun begins to sing
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring,
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heav'd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dowy-feather'd sleep,
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,

IL PENSEOSO.

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live

ARCADES.

*Part of a masq, or entertain ment present'd to the Countess Dow-
ager of Derby, at Harefield, by se veral persons of her family
who appear on the scene in
costly moving toward the
suit of state with this sor*

Look, nymphs, a sudden

What sudden blaze

Is that which we from

Too divine to be mist

This, this is

To whom our ves bes bend

Here our solemn end

Fame, that, her high use,

Seem'd erst so lavish

We may justly now ac

Of detraction from her

Less than half we find

Envy bid conceal the res

Mark what radiant state she spreads,

In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting her beams like silver threads,

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a goddess bright,

In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,

Or the tower'd Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods?

Juno dares not give her odds

Who had thought this clime had held

A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and turning towards them speaks:

GENIUS

Stay, gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse,
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver bushin'd nymphs, as great and good,
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And, with all helpful service, will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity,
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
 What shallow searching Fame hath left untold,
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout:

With pleasant words, and murmurs made to bless
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine moulded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of necessity,
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged air,
 And yet such music works
 The peerless height of
 Whose lustre leads us,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds - yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state,
 Where ye may all, that are of nobler stem,
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

Where no print of step hath been
 Follow me, as I sing
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star proof
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendour as befits
 Her deity,
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

ARCADIA

III SONG

Nymphs and shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Elymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks
From the stony Manalus
Bring your flocks and live with us
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen

THE PRESIDENT OF WILSH

JOHN, PART OF BRIDGEWATER,

DEPOSE

PRESENTED -- LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634

DEDICATION, ETC

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

AND HIS APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to these fair hopes, and rare endowments of your promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES.

THE PERSONS

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterward in the habit of *Thyrsis*.
 COMES, with his crew
 The LADY
 FIRST BROTHER
 SECOND BROTHER
 SARDIVA, the Nymph

The chief persons, who presented, were
 The Lord BRACKLEY
 Mr THOMAS EGERTON, his brother
 The Lady ALICE EGERTON

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood

The Attendant Spirit descends, or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and, with low-thoughted care
Confined and pester'd in this pin fold here,
Strive to keep up a feeble and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants;
Amongst the enthroned gods on spangled seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opens the palace of eternity
To such my errand is, and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorn'd bosom of the deep
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several governments,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents, but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,

At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades embow'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of Phœbus,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,
Which as they taste
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd

Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty,
 Therefore when any, favour'd of high Jove,
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star,
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do, but first I must put off
 These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise with torches in their hands

COMUS

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth alay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing towards the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east
 Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,

Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Topsy dance, and jollity
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves;
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
 The wood nymphs, deck'd with roses trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep,
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns mysterious dame
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebony chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecato, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabm'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground,
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,
Our number may affright some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Bewighted in these woods Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course,
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear
But here she comes, I fairly stop aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here

The Lady enters

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stars up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss I should beloth

To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
 Of such late wassailers, yet O! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
 And anxious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me else, O thievish night,
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps,
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 Thus is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife and perfect in my listening ear,
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Began to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, conscience
 O welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,

To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night;
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps, are not far off.

SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen.
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus

Comus Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures move the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sýrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,

COMUS

Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium. Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwellst here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
Lady Na, gentle shepherd, all is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus What chance, good lady, hath befall'n you thus?
Lady Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus Could that divide you from near ushering guides?
Lady They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady To seek I' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady They were but twins, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus Perhaps forest-dung night prevented them.
Lady How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus Two such I saw, what tune the labour'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink'd hedgehog at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small-hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots
 Their port was more than human, as they stood.
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe struck,
 And, as I past, I worshipt, if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,
 To help you find them

Lady Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus Due-west, it rises from this shrubby point

Lady To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet

Comus I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 The morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
 From her thatch'd pallet rouse, if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low,
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest

Lady Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 In courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended, in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. [*Exeunt*

Enter the *Two Brothers*.

Li Br Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,

And put them into misbecoming plight -
 'Virtue could see to do what virtue would "
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
 - Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,"
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day
 But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
 Himself is his own dungeon

Sec Br

'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house,
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch; with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister

El Br

I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy,
 Yet, where an equal pause of hope and fear

Does attribute the orent, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish equine suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.
 No, that hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that,
 For I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own;
 'Tis clarity, my brother, clarity.
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
 And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharmed amidst
 Infamous hills, and sandy deserts wild,
 Where, through the sacred rays of clarity,
 No savage fiercer, bolder, or more daring,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
 Yet there where my desolation dwells
 By groves and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may I see on with unblench'd majesty,
 Do it not dare in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
 In rock, or tree, by lake or moorish fen,
 Mine in the dark, or stubborn unkind ghost
 That breaks his magic chains at midnight
 No, when, or even far of the room,
 His burdened power is true and genuine.
 Do so believe me yet, or shall I call
 A selfish from the old schools of Greece
 To this, the army of clarity!
 Let me but see a hundred armed bow,
 I never directed quiver, for ever ready,
 Wrought with the labour of a hundred hours
 And placed in mantle, I, but set at nought
 The sword of the Lord, and his word of power,
 Fear'd by the Lord, and his word of power,
 That will be the end of the world.

Then down the lawn I run with heedless haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day;
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
 Where this ill-mind'd wizard, hid in sly disguise
 (So, so by certain signs I knew), had hid
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The wiles of innocent Luce, his wish'd prey.
 This gentle is'd, if he had seen such two,
 Groping him some neighbouring village,
 I fear I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two who secret, with that I standing
 In a wait ill-plac'd, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.
S-c. Mr.
 O what and what!
 How are you join'd with hell in triple knot
 Against the world, weakness of one virgin,
 And so and such! 'Tis thus the confidence
 You gave me, brother!

Yes, and keep it still!

I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him break his glass
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground.
 But seize his wand, though he and his cur'd crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Valcar vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Ll Br Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness, soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus,

Nay, lady, sit, if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo

Lady Fool, do not boast
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou has unmanacled, while heaven sees good.

Comus Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far see, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helen,

To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins.
 She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore and precious gems
 To store her children with: if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frize,
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be ungrat;
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own delight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility,
 The earth cumber'd, and the ring'd air dark'd with plumes;
 The herds would over-multiply their lords,
 The sea o'er-fraught could swell, and the unsought danger
 Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so beset win stars, that at the bottom
 Would grow mured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, lady, be not coy, and be not coven'd
 With that same tainted name, virginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languid head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, and feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where men may wonder at the workmanship.
 It is for comely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence, coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the husband's wool.
 What need a vermin-fractur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or traces like the moon?
 There was another learning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips,
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this murder

Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
Comus She fables not, I feel that I do fear.

Her words set off by some superior power,
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew,
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
 To some of Saturn's crew I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly Come, no more
 This is mere moral babble, and direct,
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this yet 'tis but the lees,
 And settlings of a melancholy blood
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in The All-mighty Spirit c

Spirit

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissembling power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits hero
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,
 The soothest shopherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Sovren stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loecine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That staid her flight with his cross flowing course,

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look, ,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell, -
 And old sooth saying Glaucus's spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance, -
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have
 Listen, and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank, -
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen,
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays ,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here
 Spir. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distress,
 Through the force and through the wile
 Of unblest enchanter vile.
 Sabr Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity

I lightest last, loot on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops, that from my fountain pen
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Trice upon thy flagers tip,
 Trice upon thy rubial lip,
 Next this marble remond' seal,
 Wear'd with gums of pithious he,
 I touch with 'risto palms moist and cold
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.
Salvina descends, and the Lady rises out of her veil.

- *Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locme,*
 Springs of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand potty mills,
 That tumble down the snowy bills
 Summer droug't, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's to rent flood
 Thy mol'n crystal ill with mud,
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beyl and the golden ore,
 May thy jolly head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon
 Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursen place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device
 Not a waste or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Though this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence,
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate

His wish'd presence, and beside
 All the swains, that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer
 Come, let us haste the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sk;

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's castle, then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the Two Brothers and the Lady

SONG

Spir Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades,
 On the lawns, and on the leas

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble lord and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly-grown
 Three fair branches of your own,
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance

The dances being ended, the Spirit epilogues

Spir To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie

Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky,
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 As the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedar'd alley fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show,
 And drenches with the Elysian dew
 (Last, mortals, if your ears be true),
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psycho sweet, entranced,
 After her wandering labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy so Jove hath sworn
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd wolkin low doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon

COMUS.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free
She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime,
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONNETS.

I.

To the Nightingale

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Then with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
The liquid notes that close the eyes of day,
First heard before the shallop cuckoo's yell,
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sung, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late,
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both thou I serve, and of their train am I

II.

On his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth
Stolen on his wing my three-and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth,
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than it some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
To vards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye

SONNETS

III.

When the Assault was intended to the City

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

IV

To a virtuous young Lady

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill with heavenly truth;
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast, and they that oversee,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure

V

To the Lady Margaret Ley

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
 Of England's council and her treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chceronea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent
 Though later born than to have known the day
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you
 Madam, methinks, I see him living yet,
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret

VI

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain
 Treatises*

A BOOK was writ of late, called *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style,
 The subject new, it walk'd the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects, now seldom pored on
 Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us! what a word on
 A title-page is this!' And some in file
 Stand pelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grows sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek

SONNETS.

VII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs
 As when those kinds that were transform'd to frogs
 Rail'd at Latona's twin born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee
 But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free,
 Licence they mean when they cry liberty,
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood

VIII

To Mr H Laurence, on the publishing of his Airs

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look on;
 To after age, thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Pheebus' choir,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
 Danto shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory

IX

On the religious Memory of Mrs Catharine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased, December 16, 1646

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of them on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

X

To the Lord General Fairfax

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land

XI

To the Lord General Cromwell

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Derven stream, with blood of Scots imbued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath Yet much remains
 To conquer still, Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War, new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their mane

XII

To Sir Henry Vane, the younger

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow States hard to be spell'd,
 Than to advise how War may, best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage besides to know
 Both spiritual power, and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done,
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son

XIII.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stools and stones,
 Forget not in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIV.

On his Wandering.

WHILE I consider now my light and sooty
 Ere half my day is, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve there still my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide,
 'Both God exact day labour, night do meditate,
 I fondly will: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gift; who best
 Bear his yoke, they serve him best. He best that
 Is most wholly his, not that looks back on his reward,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

XV.

To Mr Lawrence

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Elysium re inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sew'd nor spun
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well-touched, or arifol voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise,

XVI

To Cyriac Skinner

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught our laws
 Which others at the bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth that, after, no repenting draws,
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way?
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

XVII.

To the Sunne

CYCLAC, these three years-day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forget,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a foe
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overboard
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 Thus thought might lead me through the world's vain maze,
 Content though blind, had I no better;

XVIII

On his Deceased Wife.

MERTHOUGH I saw my late beloved what
 Brought to me, like Alceas, from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to his bed brought again,
 Rescued from death by love, though cold as I find
 Mine, as when rash'd fire at night did kindle his
 Purification in the old time did save,
 And arch, as yet or ere I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven with out restraint,
 Came visited all in white, pure as her mind
 Her face was veild, yet to my fancy 'twas
 Love, sweetest, goodness, in her person shew'd
 So clear, at no time was't more do' than
 Now, O let me embrace my dear love's
 I asked the god, and he said, I will not

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table:
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred ken
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,

And all the spangled host kept watch in squadron bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet,
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel-choir,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
 Nature in awe to him,
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She veils the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her own deformities.
 But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek eyed Peace,
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready Harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The winds with wonder whist, ~~smoothly~~
 Smoothly the waters lust,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influen-
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go:

And, though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below,
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture too.
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round,

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling,
She know such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight

A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But, when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the voltering waves their cozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so,

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,

And, with your ninefold harmony,

Make up full concert to the angelic symphony

For, if such holy song,

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,

And speckled vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,

And hell itself will part away,
And leave her dolorous palaces to the passing day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
O'er'd in a rainbow, and, like garments wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial spheres,
With radiant feet the fissured clouds down storing,
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But woe! Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cry
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify
Yet first, to those unclaim'd in sleep,
The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrave
The aged earth a host
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins, for, from this happy day,
The Old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fall
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,

And on the holy hearth

The Lays and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round,

A drear and dying sound

Alrights the Flamens at their service quaint,

And the chill marble seems to sweat,

While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalun

For-ake their temples dun

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine,

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine,

The Labyc Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mour

And sullen Moloch, fled,

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue,

In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

MISCELLANEOUS

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipful ark

He feels from Judah's land
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true
 Can in his syaddling hands control the damned crew,

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with clondy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord, with hand maid lamp attending;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable

THE PASSION.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did invite to sing,
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wint'ry solstice like the shorten'd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo

Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight

He, sov'reign Priest, stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, other-where are found,
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound,

Me softer aurs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe,
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know,

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white

MISCELLANEOUS

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
 My spirit some transporting cherub scels,
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock,
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My planning verse as lively as before,
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject, the author finding it to be above the years he had,
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun. left
 it unfinished*

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the listening night;
 Now mourn, and, if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow

He, who with all heaven's heraldy whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease

Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just !

Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love !

For we, by rightful doom remediless,

Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,

High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, even to nakedness,

And that great covenant, which we still transgress,

Entirely satisfied,

And the full wrath beside

Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,

And seals obedience first, with wounding sm--

This day, but O ! ere long,

Huge pangs and strong

Will pierce more near his heart

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT

Dying of a Cough

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,

Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,

Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted

Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry,

For he, being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermell, thought to kiss,

But kill'd, alas ! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss

For since grim Aquilo, his charoteer,

By boisterous-rape the Athenian damsel got,

He thought it touched his deity full near

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,

Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot

Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,

Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held

So, mounting up in icy-pealed car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far,
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.
Down he descended from his snow soft chair,

But, all unawares, with his cold, kind embrace
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair lodging place.

Yet then art not inglorious in thy fate,
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly loved mate,

Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land,

But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me, then, O soul, most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)—
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such were there,)

Oh, say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight?

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess, fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, O, tell me sooth,
 And camest again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
 Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heaven loved innocence,
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
 Her false-magin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent
 Thus if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of SONS, pledges of heaven's joy,
 Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,

And to our high-raised phant'ry present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 There loud up lifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise.
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's clime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what other virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth
 Summers three times eight save one
 She has told, alas! too soon;
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,

Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life
 Her high birth and her graces sweet
 Quickly found a lover meet,
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast,
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame
 And in his garland, as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes
 And calls Lucina to her knees,
 But, whether by mischance or blame,
 Atropos for Lucina came,
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree
 The hapless babe, before his birth,
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth
~~And the lamented mother's wail~~
 Was not long a living tomb

So have I seen some tender slip,
 Saved with care from Winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to pluck the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Sideways, as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hastening funeral

Gentle lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have,
 After this thy travail sore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore;
 That, to give the world increase,
 Shortened has thy own life's lease

Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Wept for thee in Helicon,
 And some flowers, and some bays,
 For thy hearse, to strow the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name,
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,
 Next her, much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore,
 To him that served for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX

*At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English
The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began*

HAIL, native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first-endeavouring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words with ohldish trips,
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat, two years before
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task
Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee,
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
Tho damtiest dishes shall be served up last
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect that I have made
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure
And from thy wardrobe bring thy choicest treasure.
Not these new-tangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasies with delight;
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire,
I have some naked thoughts which rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out,
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound.
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door

Look in, and see each blissful deity,
 How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wild air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
 In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When Beldame Nature in her cradle was,
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest,
 Are held with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity
 But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 'Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room

*Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his two
 sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance, with his Canon;
 which Ens, thus speaking, explains*

Good luck befriended thee, son, for, at thy birth,
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth,
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst sit
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,

And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass,
 'Your son,' said she, 'nor can you it prevent,
 Shall subject be to many an accident
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him undeeling,
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap.
 Yet shall he live in strife, and, at his door,
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in prose, then Relation was
 called by his name*

Rivers, arise, whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose]

AN EPITAPH

On the admirable Dramatic Poet, William Shakspeare,

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart,
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

*Who sickened in the Time of his Vacancy; being forbid to
London by Reason of the Plague*

HERE lies old Hobson, death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down,
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*,
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,

And that he had ta'en up his latest man,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain,
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 'Hobson has aupt, and's newly gone to bed'

Another on the same

HENR lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight
 His principles being constant, he endur'd straight;
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation lasted on his term
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
 'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
 'If I may'nt carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But now, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't,)
 As he were press'd to death, he cried, 'More weight,'
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet, (strange to think) his wain was his increase
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE.

Under the Long Parliament.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred;
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A.S. and Rotherford?
 Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul.
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call;
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent;
 That so the Parliament
 May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
 Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large

ON TIME

TLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross,
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain!
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,

Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over death, and chance, and thee, O Time!

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On futh, and changed gods, complain; and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys the credulous, all gold;
Who always vacill, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they,
To whom thou, untried, seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea

FROM GEOFFERY OF MONMOUTH

Erutus thus addresses Diana in the Country of Leogec

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling spheres, and through the dea
On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek;
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the altar, Diana answers in Vision the
same Night*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realms of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people thither bend.
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold

FROM DANTE

Al, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion; but those rich domains,
That the first wealthy pope received of thee

FROM DANTE

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn?
Impudent whore! where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave

FROM HORACE

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause;
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin

FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
 Having to advise the public, may speak free;
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace
 What can be juster in a state like this?

FROM HORACE

—LAUGHING, to teach the truth,
 What hinders? As some teachers give to boys,
 Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace

FROM HORACE

JOKING decides great things,
 Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'TIS you that say it, not I You do the deeds,
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words

FROM SENECA.

THERE can be slain
 No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
 Than an unjust and wicked king

PSALMS.

PSALM I Done into verse 1653

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and in the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorpers hath not sat But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men,
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must

PSALM II Done August 8, 1653

Terzetta

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay their deep plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then, severe,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell

PSALMS

And fierce we trouble them. But I, saith he
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel) -
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day, ask of me, and the grant is made
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,
 Earth's utmost bounds, thou shalt thou bring fallow
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so
 And now be wise at length, ye kings av'rise,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth, with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom

LORD, how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise ?
 Many are they,
 That of my life distrustfully thus say ;
 No help for him in God there lies
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I waked again ;
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions

Pise, Lord; save me, my God for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

PSALM IV. August 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress,
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large, now spare,
 Now pity me, and heal my earnest prayer.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn?
 How long be thus forborne
 Still to love vanity?
 To love, to seek, to prize,
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows),
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.
 Be awed, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust
 Many there may be that say,
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood,
 But, Lord, thus let me pray
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright

Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth ever cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abound.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep;
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie,
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety ma-

PSALM V August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God, for unto thee I pray
 Jehovah, thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear.
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no bidding makes
 Fools or mad men, stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hatest, and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie,
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe, if I transgress,
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For, in his faltering mouth unstable,

No word is firm or sooth.

Their inside, troubles misemble ;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.

God, find them guilty, let them fall,

By their own counsels quell'd

Push them to their rebellions all

Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd

Then all who trust in thee shall bring

Their joy ; while thou, from blame

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing

And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found

To bless the just man still ;

As with a shield, thou wilt surround

Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSALM VI. August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,

Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;

Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,

And very weak and faint, heal and amend me

For all my bones that even with anguish ache

Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,

And Thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord, restore,

My soul ; O save me for thy goodness' sake

For in death no remembrance is of thee.

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?

Wearied I am with sighing out my days,

Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;

My bed I water with my tears, mine eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark

In the midst of all mine enemies that mark

Depart, all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd

With much confusion, then, grown red with shame,

They shall return in haste the way they came,

And in a moment shall be quite abash'd

PSALM VII August 14, 1653

Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for naught,

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and, there out-spread,
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,
And wake for me, their fury assuage,
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation :
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation,
Return on high, and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies ;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended,
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended,
The tools of death, that wait him near

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute) Behold,
He travaills big with vanity ;
Trouble he hath conceived of old,
As in a womb ; and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a ho

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will, undelay'd,
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. August 14, 1853.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes
 To smite the enemy, and slack the avenger's bro
 That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose
 When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers art,
 The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O, what is man, that thou rememberest yet,
 And thickest upon him, or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest him lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.
 O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;
 Rowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths our Lord, how wondrous great
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1618. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 *Thou, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,*

*That sitt'st between the cherubs bright
Between their wings outspread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread*

2 *In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might*

3 *Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.*

4 *Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy people's prayer !*

5 *Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat;
And mak'st them largely drunk the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*

6 *A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it shine,
 And drov'st out nations *proud and haughty,*
 To plant this *lovely vine*

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
 And fill'd the land *at last*

10 With her *green shade* that cover'd all,
 The hills were *overspread,*
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall,*
 Advanced their *lofty head*

11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river wide
 Her other branches *went*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* bear out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From heaven, thy seat divine,
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy vine*

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong

16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut with axes down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the Son of man whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made,

18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of *sin* and *shame*;
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe

PSALM LXXXI

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
Sing loud to God our *King*;
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The tumbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psalter^y bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant string

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty* sound,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.

- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
 For Israel to observe,
 A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
 From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change*,
 When, as he passed through Egypt land
 The tongue I heard was strange
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
 I set his shoulder free
 His hands from pots, *and mrry soil*,
 Delivered were *by me*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
 On me then didst thou call;
 And I to free thee *did not fail*,
 And led thee out of thrall
 I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
 With clouds encompass'd round;
 I tried thee at the water steep
 Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*;
 I testify to thee,
 Thou ancient stock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to me
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien god shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
 In honour bend thy knee
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land;
 Ask large enough, and I, besought,
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not hear,
 Nor hearken to my voice;
 And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
 Misliked me for his choice.

12 Then I did leave them to their will,
 And to their wandering mind,
 Their own conceits they followed still,
 Their own devices blind.

13 O, that my people would be wise,
 To serve me *all their days* !
 And O, that Israel would advise
 To walk my righteous ways

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
 That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against all those
 That are their enemies

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
 To bow to him and bend,
 But they, his people, should remain,
 Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them from the shock
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey for their meat

PSALM LXXXII

1 God in the great assembly stands
 Of kings and lordly states,
 Among the gods on both his hands,
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked by your might,
 Who thence go bold and strong.

3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Despatch the poor man's cause
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws;

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The Sons of God Most High;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*
- 8 Rise, God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress,
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still, O God *of strength*,
We cry and do not cease
- 2 For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

PSALMS

5 For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood
That in the desert dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.

8 With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the not
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian told,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and, as is told,
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repulsed and slam,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba and Zalmudna bled
So let their princes bleed

12 For they amidst their pride have sown,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find:
 Giddy and restless let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher
 Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase,
 16 And, till they yield thee honour due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face

17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,
 Troubled, and shamed for ever
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, and 'scape it never.

18 Then shall they know, that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the Most High and thou the same,
 O'er all the earth art One.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near.

2 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry
 O living God for thee.

3 There even the sparrow, freed from wrong
 Hath found a house of rest,
 The swallow here to lay her young
 Hath built her brooding nest,

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
 And hame they fly from round the coasts,
 Toward thee, my King, my God

4 Happy who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise
 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bid
 And in their hearts thy ways

6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale,
 Where springs and showers abound

7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion do appear

8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God, give ear,
 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed dear.

10 For one day in thy courts to be,
 Is better, and more blest,
 Than in the joys of vanity
 A thousand days at best.
 I, in the temple of my God,
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,
 With sin for evermore

11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory bright,
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right

12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciously,
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack.
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back

2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid where none shall know

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not turn *and hear our voice,*
 And us again revive,
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserved alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy show;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
 And life in us renew

8 And now, what God the Lord will speak,
 I will go straight and hear,
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints full dear,
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, but surcease
 To trespass as before.

9 Surely, to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall ere long appear
 To dwell within our land.

10 Mercy and truth, that long were miss'd,
 Now joyfully are met;
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd
 And hand in hand are set

11 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good;
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits to be our food

13 Before him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger
 Then will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me, I thee pray,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, and sad decay

2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who still in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; [4]. O make rejoice,
Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul and voice.

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone;
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my incessant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee for aid,
For thou wilt grant me free access,
And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy glorious works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast freed my soul,
 Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to show,
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
 Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let thy foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings fair
 Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
 And all within his care

3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke,

4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings
 Did our forefathers yoke
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
 Lo, this man there was born:

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
 That ne'er shall be out worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
 With sacred songs are there;
 In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,
 And all my fountains clear

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry,
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
 With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are
 Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,
 My life, at death's *unchearful door*,
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit*,
 I am a man, but weak, alas!
 And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep*;
 And like the slain in *bloody fight*,
 That in the grave lie *deep*
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me, *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me
 Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
 And all thy waves break me

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus

9 Through sorrow and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
 Shall the deceased arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
 With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,
 On whom the grave *hath hold* ?
 Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*.
 Or wondrous acts be known ?
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*.
 Of *dark* oblivion ?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
 Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth rise*
 Each morn, and thee prevent

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
 15 That am already bruised, and shake,
 With terror sent from thee ?
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonish'd with thine ire

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;
 Thy threatenings cut me through ,
 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And sever'd from me far
 They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
 And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil, their liberty had won;
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.
 The high huge bellied mountains skip, like rams-
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills, like lambs-
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake, earth; and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
 That glassy floods from ragged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God,
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,
 For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake,
 For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
For his, &c

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light,
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day long his course to run;
For his, &c

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
For his, &c

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel;
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythrean main,
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass;
For his, &c

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power;
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did ble
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his, &c

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown;
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold S^{on} and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast;
For his, &c,

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew,
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land, therein to dwell;
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery,
For his, &c

And freed us from slavery
Of the invading enemy,
For his, &c

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need,
For his, &c

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For his, &c

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure

ELEGIARUM LIBER,

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit, occidua Devm Cestrensis ab ora
Virgivium prono quæ petit amne salum
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quoddam mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
Mæque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles.
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exili conditione fruor
O, utinam vates nunquam graviore tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ,
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos

[illegible]

Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera, sat tibi sit, scemina, posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis.
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet,
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi, conspicuus formæque aurôque, puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminus venisse innecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huc Caidon, et riguas Simœntes flumine valles,
 Huc Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sunt indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum rauco murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucique in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA

Anno ætatis XVII

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solchas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sævâ
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus, quem Stygus medicâ revocaret ab undâ
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accurre togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Âverni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
 Personat et totis nœnia masta Scholis

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno Ætatis XVII

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS

Mæstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam;
 Hærebântque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en! subitufanestæ cladis imago,
 Fecit in Angliaco quàm Libitina solo,
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda faco;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, finitrisque verendi,
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis
 Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad ætheia raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tunc,
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quodd sylvæ tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quodd in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?
 Quoddque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?
 Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?

Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Erebitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
 Et quæ nulle nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobilèque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideâmque animam sedo fugâsse suâ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque sopôrque meos,
 Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatior agro,
 Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent
 Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam varus ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelucentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce! mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Insula diuimum cunxerat alba caput.
 Dâmque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit leto florea terra sono
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubi
 Qui-que novum amplexu comitem cantûque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos,

"Nate, veni, et patru felix cape gaudia regni,
 Sempei abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos
 Taha contigant somnia sæpe mihi !

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno Aetatis XVIII

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATOR^{ES}
 ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM⁴

CURRE per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agios,
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales;
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in ora
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere vidcbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul, Christicolæ pascere doctus oves,
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego
 Hei mihi ! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
 Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Gratam,
 Chmadi, pronopos qui Telamonis erat,
 Quamque Stagiritæ generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chæonîs alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios, illo præunte, recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
 Pieridsque hausi latices, Chlōque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lauea terga novo;
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlōri, senilem
 Granine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursūque Eurum præverta sonorum;
 Quam sit opus monitis res doceat, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei;
 Cœlestis animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum desixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipsa quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, notamque satetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, vanisq̃ue roganti;
 Crimina dimittis, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungi.
 Saepe scriasiferi crudelia pectora
 Supplicis ad incestas deliquere

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jámque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor,
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
 In tibi finitumis bella tumere, locis,
 Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxopicos arma parasse duces
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et sata carne virúm jam cruor arva rigat,
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos,
 Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit et rersonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit, Io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volísse domos
 Te tamen intèrea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inópsque solo,
 Et, tibi quam patru non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinà quaris egenus opem
 Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumeâ quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ?
 Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
 Digna quidem Stygis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fama !
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertúsque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix,
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
 Fimibus ingratus jussit abire suis
 At tu sume annos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi nulla tela necem,
 At nullis vel inarme latus violabitur armis,
 Dēque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille, tibi eustos, et pugil ille tibi,
 Ille, Sionmæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oris
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aero dum vaeno buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvorem dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmurque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala,
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares

ELEGIA QUINTA

Anno Ætatis XX.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tapente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poseit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, hesidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt,
 Conatque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Imphantos crines, Delius ipse venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidæ rapiatur in aëdua cœli,
 Pœque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Pœque umbras, pœque antra feror, penetralia vati
 Et mihi sana patent interiora deûm,
 Intuiturque animus tōto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cœca meos
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, solus adoperta novellis,
 Institus modulos, dum silet omne nemus
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul insipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat
 Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniæque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas
 Est breve noctis iter, bevis est mœra noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycæonius, plaustrum cœleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante via,
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria tōto
 Erecubias agitant sidera rari polo
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Du timuere scelus
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetrâque resumit
 Cyathia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et, tennes pœnens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam brève fratris ope
 "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles,
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet"
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.

Exiit irrisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos,
 Et cupit, et digna est Quid enim formosus
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venust
 Mitia cum Paphus fundit amoma rosâ !
 Ecce ! coronatur sacro frons ardua lucco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placera suis.
 Floribus effusus us erat redimita capillos,
 Tœnario placuit diâ Sicanâ deo
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitâsque movent flamma verna preces :
 Cinnamêâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiusque tibi ferre videntur axes
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærît amorca
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egea toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjavat ipsa tuos.
 Quodd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor,)
 Illi tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vast
 Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes
 Ah quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In resperinas præcipitaris aquas,
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperus recipit cœrula Mater aquis ?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy ? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ ?
 Diâ quid immundo perluis ora salo ?
 Rigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ :
 Huc ades, ardentes imbus rore comas
 Mollior agellâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;
 Huc ades, et gremio lumino pone meo.
 Quâque jacis, circum mulcebit lenè susurrans
 Aura per lumentes corpora fusa rosas,
 Nec me (credo mihi) terrent Semelia fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo,
 Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientidus uteris igni ;
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo "

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores
Matris in exemplum cætera turbâ ruunt -
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentisque fovet solis ab igne faces
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tella cornusca novo
Jâmque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco -
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari
Marmoreas juvencs clamant Hymenæe ! per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen ! et cava saxa sonant
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum
Egrediturque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,
Vergineos auro cincta puella sinus
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinâsque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos
Nunc etiam Satyr, cùm serâ crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri floræ rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Sennicapêique deus, semideusque caper
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetâque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,
Jâmque latet, latitânsque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Du quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, di, precor, ite domo.

T'o reterant miscris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sacra, quod ad nimbos aspera tela redas ?
 Tu saltem lentò rapidos age, Phoebe, iugales
 Quò potes, et sensim tempora voris oant ;
 Brumæque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo

ELEGIA SEPTIMA

Ad Carolum Decolatum ruri commorantem,

QCI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA FICCARI
 ROGULASSET SI SOLITO MENS ESSENT DONA, QUOD INTER LAC-
 TIAS, QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS ACCIPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICITER
 OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFIRMARAT, HOC HABUIT
 RESPONSUM

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Quà tu, distento, fortè carere potes
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa cinnam,
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamisque colimque ?
 Credo nūbi, vix hoc carmine scire queas
 Nam neque noxter amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes
 Quàm bene solennes epulis, hilarumque Decembre,
 Festisque cœlifugam quæ coluero deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustisque per lepidos Gallica musta focos ?
 Quid q' eroris refugam vino dapibusque potatu ?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Pnethum virides gentasse cor, umbos,
 Atque hederam lauro proposuisse sile
 Scaphis Adonis clamat ille collibus, Euor !
 Mysta Thyoneo turba nocent choro.
 Næ Corallina mala carmina misit ab agris,
 Non illi epulas, usque et vitæ erant.
 Quid nãc vina, rosæque, racemiferumque Lycæum,
 Castali brevi usque Tuis Musa ioculis ?
 Tu iamque plus habes numerosa Tennesia Pæan,
 Et redolent sua præteritæ quæque marum.

Dum gravis orerso currus crepat axo supinus,
Et volat Eleu pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrímque madens Lyceen Romanus Inecho,
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Ohloen
Jam quoque laeta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingenúmque fovet
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusúmque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat, argutâ mollitèr icta manu,
Auditúrque chelya suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ qua regat arte pedes
Illa tui saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum ciapula pellet iners
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitatáque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percepies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Pérque puellares oculos, digitámque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,
Liber adest elegis, Eratóque, Cérésque, Venúsque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellis Amor
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Hérosque pios, semideósque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulla deorum,
Nunc latrata tero regna profunda cane,
Iste quidem parèd, Samu pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos,
Stat prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.

Qualis, veste nitens sacer, et lustrallibus undis,
 Surgis ad infensos, augur, ituro deos.
 Hoc rita vixisse ferant post raptæ sagaceæ
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiûmque Læon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calenanta, senctimque
 Orphcon, edomitæ sola per antra feræ.
 Sic dapla exiguis, sic rivi poter Ifomerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseæ Phœbados nulam.
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex imo, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Dils etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabera (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam),
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine Regem,
 Faustique sacratis sæcula pieta libris;
 Vagantemque Dei, et stabulantem paupero lecto,
 Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna collit,
 Stellipardumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas
 Ut subito elisos ad sua fœna deos
 Dona quidam dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patris mœditata cunctis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno Aetatis XIX,

Noctem, blanda, tuas leges, Amathus, ustram
 Et Paphis vacuum pectus ab igne fuit
 Sæpe cupidineas, pennis et tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum speravi maximo, numen, Amor.
 Tu i ser, fabellas, dixi, transige columbas,
 Cære ut ut letare molles bella quæci
 Aut de pueribus illud dos age, parte, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt mihi digna trophæa tua.
 In quæ humana quædam inania dirigit arua
 Non valet hæc fœta læta phœstra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summa radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primum lux tibi, Maia, diem,
 At nihil adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuerò jubar
 Astat Amor lecto, pietis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum,
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè mirantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit
 Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeus Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi,
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas
 Addideritque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratquo truces, nec sine felle, inimas
 "Et, miser, exemplo sapiusses tutius," inquit,
 "Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris
 Intei et expertos vires numerabero nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythono superbum,
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi nihil,
 Et quoties meminit Penoidos, ipso fatetur
 Certius et gravioris tela nocero mea.
 Non nequit adductam curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Partius equos
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis anthor erat
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Heruleæque manus, Herculeusque comes
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petanda mihi
 Nec te, stulto, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem"
 Dixit; et, anrato quantiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat

Et modò qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, fac Equè similima turba deorunt,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias:
 Auctiq'ue Ince dies gemmo fulgore coruscat;
 Fallor! An et radios hunc quoque Phœbus habet
 Ille ego non fuxi spectacula grata se, erus;
 Impetus et quò me fort juvenilis, agor;
 Lumina luminibus malè providis obvia misit,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos
 Unam fortè alius supereminuisse notabam;
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali,
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina deùm conspicienda fuit
 Hunc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facta a tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mori, nunc ciliis ha sit, nunc virginis ori;
 Insulit hinc labris, insidet inde genis
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi mille locis pectus inermis ferit,
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammæque totas erant.
 Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitò querubundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedom.
 Fidor, at hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptiq'ue tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amasum proles Junonia calum,
 Inter Lemuricos præcipitata focos
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab ætonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quæ Iulia infelix, et lucta victa! Amores
 Nec licet receptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O unam, spectare semel mihi datur amatos
 Vultus, et eorum tristia verba loqui!
 Veritas et dura non est adamante creata,
 Fortè ita ad nostras audent illa preces!

Credo mihi, nullus sic infelici astitit ;
 / Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego ' '
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facti tuo '
 Jam tuus O ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nato deà, jroulis, nec minùs igne, potens
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altari donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;
 Nescio cur, misce est suavitèr omnis amans -
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatueros ligat ut una duos

ILEO ego, mente olim lævâ, studiisque supino,
 Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ
 Scilicet abreptum sic ino malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit
 Donèc Socraticos unibrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum, ,
 Protinùs extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipso sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

O quàm funesto cecinisti proximâ vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris
 Et Styge damnarat, Tanarique sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astrâ
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

LAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem,
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi

AD LEONARAM, ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens,
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono
 Quòd si cuncta quidè̃m Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet

AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonara, foret!

* Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed *the Fair*, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in three Latin epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.—Warton.

POEMATTA

Et te Pieris, sensisset vocem canentem
 Aurea maternas fila movere lyra!
 Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Særior, aut totus desipisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæci vertigine sensus
 Vocem eandem poteras composuisse tuti,
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 I lætissimo cantu restituisse sibi

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Claræque Parthenopis fann Archeloidos,
 Litterarumque tuæ defunctam Naiada ripæ
 Corpora Cl' illellico sacri dedisse rogo?
 Illa quiddam vivitque, et amicam Tiberidis undæ
 Mutavit raud' murmuræ Pausilipi.
 Ille, Romulidum studium ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo s'ipidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
 Hunc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transulit areolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Muta solo a. sueto, protinus arct' iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus hauri,
 Damnavit celeris in sua clamma manus;
 Atque ait, " Heu quanto satius fuit illa colere,
 Pars hæc, grato dona tulisse animo!
 Perit ego avaritiam frangere, gulamque voracem.
 Nunc pariere mihi et factus, et ipse parens "

AD CHRISTINAM SORORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

PRÆSTIGIOSA virgo, septem refina trionum,
 Cl' istius, A et A lucida stella poli!
 Cunctis, quas merui duræ sub casido, reges,
 I liquæ et illæ, ætulis uni cor, ora tesu

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Latus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lastrasse Charonti:
 Horribiles barithri recessus
 At illa rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus,
 Succoque polletti, tot atris
 Fauibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra, præcor, tua
 Molli quæscant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore
 Sit iure de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subridetque Etnæa Proserpina:
 Intersque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiera campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno Ætatis XVII.

JAM pius extremû veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrogenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum, tenuit, jûnque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledonis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis.
 Pacificusque novo, felix divisque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis
 Cum ferus igniflue regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumœidum pater, æthereo vagus exal Olympo,
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dimmersans sceleris socios, vernisque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.
 Hic tempestates medio ciet ære diras,
 Illic unanimis odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
 Regnâque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace.
 Et quoscunque videt pura virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
 Insidiisque locat tacitas, cassisque latentes
 Tendit, ut incantos rapiat cœu Caspia tigris

Insequitur tropidam deserti per aëia praxam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno noctantibus astris
 Talibus infestis populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinetus ceruleas fumanti turbine flammis
 Iunique Iguentisonis albensia rupibus aëra
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cur nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitruoniden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Equorum tranato, furiali poscero bello,
 Ante expugnata, capiteque scecula Trojae
 At simul hunc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
 Aspicit, et pluvies domus Cerealiaque agros,
 Quod suo magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populus, tandem inspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur
 Quod Triumviri trux ab Jove clausus in Aetna
 Latet tabisco monstrum ab ore Tiphoeus
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictusque cuspide cusps
 Atque pererrato solum hoc heri mirabile mundo
 Inveni dicit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
 Contentrixque iugi, nostri quo potentior arte
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc lupi id diu, non ibit inulta
 Hactenus, et plenis liquido natat vere pennis,
 Qua volat, adversa praeursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et ciobra tonitrua fulgent
 Jamque primos is velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoni fines, a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus orit, praeaque Subini,
 Dextra venosus, iugis Haetruria, nec non
 To furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem,
 Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini
 Reddiderunt dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgraditu totam Tricoronis urbem,
 Pansiosque deos portat, scapulisque virosum
 Evabitur, praesunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantem series longissima frutrum
 Coraeque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,
 Clammeris nati in tenebris, vitaeque trahentes
 Tempora deam multis subeunt innocentia trodis,

(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) siemitosque canentium
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et mane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremat attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavè responsat rupa Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchæticque serocem,
 Atque Acherontæo proguatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegætontius hæres,
 Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pollice noctes,
 At vix compositos somnus claudabat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominos, rectorque silentium,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora caulis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate vicit humum vestis, pendente cucullus
 Vertice de raso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune selacis,
 Tarla tenestratis figens vestigia calceis
 Talis, uti fania est, vastæ Franciscus oïmo
 Tetia vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones
 Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:
 'Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor, O, fidei, parcordanque oblite tuorum
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademique triplex,
 Ridet Hyperboæo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dæmque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni
 Surge, ago, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes annuos, et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis,
 Et inemor Hesperias disjectam ulciscere classeni,

Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profunda,
 Sanotorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosa;
 Thermadoonta nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti confundere vires,
 Tyrrenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia collo;
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit
 Saoraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacessēs,
 Irritus ille labor — tu callidus utere fraude
 Quaelibet haereticis disponere recta fas est
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patucios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævósque patres, trabea canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratum poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Aedibus injecto, quæ conyenera, sub imis
 Protinus ipse igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia si
 Propositi, factique, mone. quuscumque tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Percu sosque metu subito, casusque stupentes,
 Inyadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus
 Scoula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tusque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipo, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis
 Dixit, et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
 Jam rosea, Epas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit in iuratas redeunt, lumine terras,
 Mœstaque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
 Irrigat ambrosus montana cacumina guttis:
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens
 Est locus æternæ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,
 Nuno torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu
 Hic inter cœmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgæque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Tumor, exanguisquo locum circumvolat Horror;
 Perpetudque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsæ etiam paridi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodates, nulloque sequente pe-
 Antium horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
 Dissugunt fontes, et retrò lumina vertunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita satur

‘Fimibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor
 Gens exosa nuli, prudens Naturæ negavit
 Indignam paniths nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leões disilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
 Et, quotquot fidei caluero cupidine veræ,
 Consilii socios allibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidæ parvæque gemelli

Interea longo ilectens curvamine cælos
 Despicit æthereâ Domunus qui fulminat arce,
 Vanæque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volot ipso tuen

Esse ferunt spatium, quæ distat ab Aoule terrâ
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas,
 Ille turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossa.
 Mille fores aditusquo patent, totidémquo fenestra
 Amplisque per tenues translucent atro muros
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglonierata susurros;
 Qualitèr instrepitant circum muletralia bombæ
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia juncos,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit aïdun culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix martis in arce;
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat,
 Murmur, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.

Nec tot, Aristoride, servator iniquæ juvenæ
 Isidos, inmiti volvébas lumina vultû,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe,
 Perlustrare, etiam radiantî impervia soli
 Millenisque loquax auditæque visæque linguis
 Cullibet effundit temeraria, velæque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen à nostro moruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
 Carminè tam longò, servatæ scilicet Angli
 Ollens, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Culmine præmisso alloquntur, terræque tremente:
 Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata colôrs in mæque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacôbo?
 Nec plura illa statim sensit mandata Tonanti
 Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
 Induit et variis cælia corpora plumis,
 Dextra tubam gestat Tennesæo ex ære sonoram
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursû celeres prævertere nubes
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit
 Et prunâ Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertæque murmura, spargit
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dicta,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidius loca structa silet, stupuere relatis
 Et paritèr juvenes, paritèr tremuere puellæ,
 Effotique senes parit, r, tantæque ruina
 Sensus at ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolum; capti pœnas raptantur ad æres
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores,
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit. Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.*

Anno Ætatis XVII.

ADHUC madentes rore aqualabant genæ
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgabant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum moesta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis
 Cum centilinguis Fama, prohi ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia,
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno sotos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferris sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fusti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Angulus tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs
 Ebullebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens decem,
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Giantisque vates parcibus
 Tarpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
 At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Andisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurî, flamine
 "Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilémque, et irritas minas
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitòque ad iras percussa ?

* Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after Bishop Andrews, before celebrated. He had been also master of Remy's Hall, as well as Bishop Andrews and Bishop of Bristol. He was nominated to the see of Lichfield, but was translated to that of Ely in 1618. He is said to have been a pious, learned, and judicious man. See Panton's Ely, p. 199.—Todd.

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis, filia,
 Erichone patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastone nata sub Chao
 Ast illa, coelo missa stellato, De
 Messes ubique colligit,
 Animasque mole carnea reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem,
 Themidos Jovisque filiae;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris.
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna fervi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas
 Hanc ut vocantem laetus audivi, citò
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque saustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimius feror
 Vates ut olim raptus ab cœlum senex,
 Auriga currus ignei
 Non me Rictus terrere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda furore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longèque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum cœli cebat suos
 Frænis, dracones aureis
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium
 Sed hinc tacebo, nam quis effari queat,
 Oriundus humano patre,
 Amoenitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui

NATURAM NON PATI SENTIUM *

Heu, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immensa profundi.
 Oedipodliomani voluit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incivis leges adjuvante perenni
 Assimulare suis, nulloque solubile sacro
 Consilium sat perituris alligat horis!
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum stupescet ab ævo?
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Siderum tremebunda caput? Num tota vetustas,
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, subisque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum rapictque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas impudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque delisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Comeræ tabulata ruant, atque obivus ictu
 Stridat utorque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
 Deculat, horribilisque resectæ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine coeli?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitaberis nati;
 Precipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampado Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralla sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam acrei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque alissa barathro
 Torrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceramni Ditem;
 In supēros quibus usus orat, finitimaque bell
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque periegit

* This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the
 fellows of Christ's college, who, having laid aside the levities of poetry for
 the gravity and solidity of prose, imposed the boyish task on Milton, now
 about nineteen years old.—*Ps. 104*

POEMATA.

Pondera fatorum læces, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare, tenore.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurna
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælôs.
 Tardior hæc solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Vajors
 Florulus æternum Phœbus juvenille coruseat,
 Nec sovet æstas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo tempe Dens, sed, semper amica
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cõgit Olympo,
 Mand vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli,
 Temporis et gemino dispartit regna colore
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Dila cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lunda percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trax Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Sieuli diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora concha
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægæonâ ferunt dorso Balaenica ceto
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sacri vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra, datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Cõscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli,
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tûque, O novem perbeata-numinis

Momonia mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Eternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Coelique fastos, atque ephemeridas Dædum
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Undèque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Naud ille Palladis gemellus munus
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci.
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citumûnive terris incolit lunc globum:
 Sive, inter animas corpus aditurus sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas,
 Sive in remotâ sortè terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et dus tremendus erigit celsum caput.
 Atlante major positore siderum
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit;
 Direæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu,
 Non hunc silentio nocte Pleiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro,
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclutumque Osiridem.
 Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
 Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcam sciens,
 Talem reliquit Isldis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris Academæ decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis,
 Jam jam poetas, urbi exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Iriguas torquere vias, totamque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,
 Ut, tennes oblita sonos, audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ;
 Quæ nuli sunt nullæ, nisi quis dedit aurea Olio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despicias carmen,
 Quod nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethæa retinens vestigia flammæ
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima cœro valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coarctet,
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ
 Carmina sacrificis sollennes pinguat ad aras,
 Aurea sên sternit notantem cœnua taurum;
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcani scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam, patrium, tunc cum repetamus Olympum,
 Æternæq; ne moræ stabunt, immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt;
 Spiritus et rapidos qui enervat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sideris intereunt ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen,
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibiila Serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,

Stellarum nec sentit onus Mæurusius Atlas
 Carmina regales epulis ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulk, et modico spumabat ccena Lyæo.
 Tum, de more sedens lecta ab convivatibus,
 Exulem intonsus rediit ab arbore crines,
 Herculeumque actus, imitandique gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi late laudamina mundi,
 Leptintæque deos, et alentos nituntur glandes,
 Et nondum Aëneo quæsitum sulcitu ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modidamen mane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet isto choros, non Orpher, cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quicubus addidit amres,
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachrique funta canend
 Compahit in lacrymus huius et has à carmine laudes.
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemere Musas,
 Nec vanas mopesque puta, quarum ipsa paritus
 Munero mille sonos numeros compoens id aptos
 Milibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arion merita sis nonnullis hæres
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me gemulasse poetam
 Contigerit, Chæro si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas rices, studiumque asine, sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispartire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque putique, tuncque
 Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Qua via lata patet, quâ promoi arca lucri
 Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec lapis ad leges, malè custoditque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures,
 Sed, magis exultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aonice jocunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbeo lateri comitem simis ire beatum,
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
 Me possunt majora tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Romæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latu ieneres, et quæ Jovis orn decabant

Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graijs,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
 Et quam degeneri novus Italia ore loquelam
 Fudit, barbaricis testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates,
 Denique quidquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interillus, aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmori,
 Per te nōsso licet, per te, si nōsso linebit,
 Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nubo,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugasse velim, ut sit libasse molestum
 In nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriacæ gazas, Peruanæque regne, præoptas,
 Quo potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et futa fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina natō,
 Atque Hyperionios curus, et trænâ diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tîram
 Ego ego, jam docti u pais quamlibet ima ceteris
 Victrices hedera, inter laurōsque sedabo,
 Jâmque nec obæcenus populo miscëbor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos, vestigia nostra profanos
 Este proci, vigiles Curæ, præcul este, Quærelæ
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis birquo,
 Sævæ nec anguiferos extendo, Calumniam, rictus;
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego, securaque tutus
 Pectora, vîpereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
 At tibi, clare pater, postquam non aqua merenti
 Posse referre datûr, nec dona rependere tactis,
 Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidaque reponere menti.
 Et vos, O nosti, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domum superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spissæ rapiunt obliviam nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis avo.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM EGRO-
TANTEM*

SCAZONTES

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcani quoque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco nilius gratum,
Quam cùm dicentes flava Deiope suras,
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum, et hæc sis verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamvis ille magnis prætulit immerito divis
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Mito,
Diebus hæc qui suum linquens nidum,
Polique tractum, possumus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhelæ sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit seraces Itali soli ad globas,
Visum superbæ cognitas urbes famæ,
Virisque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum.
Cui nunc profunda bilis intestat renes,
Præcordiusque fixa damnosum spirat,
Nec id peperit impia, quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos
O dulce divum munus, O Silus, Hebes-
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, si ve tu magis Pæan
Libentèr audis, hic tuus sacerdos est
Quercetæ Fauni, vósque rogo vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferto certatum vati
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,
Vicina dulci præta mulcebit cantu

* Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetra-
stich, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry. Milton, in return, sent
these elegant Scazontes to Salsilli when indisposed — *Warton*.

Ipsè inter atros emirabitur luços
 Numia, ubi beatum debet otium æternum,
 Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans,
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
 Nimidum sinistro latus irruens loro:
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adasque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laudé,
 tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus
 in primis est. An quem Torquatus Tassi Dialogus extat De
 Amicitia scriptus, erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam
 inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus
 GERUSALEMITE CONQUISTATA, lib. 20*

*Era cavalier magnanimo, o cortesi,
 Risplende il MANSO.*

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus
 est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque
 hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se
 ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi.
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, ohoro notissime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
 Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenates Hetrusci
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victrices hederas inter laurósque sedebis.
 Te prædem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non insciæ Musa Marinum
 Tradidit; ille tuum, dici se gaudet alumnum.

* At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had been the friend of Tasso, and Milton, at leaving Naples, sent this poem to him. — *Warton*

Dum canit Assyrius divam prolixus amoris,
 Mollis et Ansoletis elipscit, carmine nymphas,
 Ille illidem mortuus tibi soli debita inter
 Ora, tibi soli, superneque voti reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua cuncta resistit amica,
 Vilius artidentem operto ex aere postum
 Offici in tumulo, cupis integros raptare Orcus,
 Quis poter, neque avidas Patrum cingere leges:
 Arborum genus, et varia sub sorte portentum
 Desertis vitam, moresque, et varia ad usum
 Emulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad usum
 Restituit Aetoli vitam facundus Eloquent,
 Ego ego te, Clus et ingem nomine Phœdri,
 Mæne paler, jubeo longum calere per ætavi,
 Nec te longum, nam bonus speramus ab aere,
 Quis nuper gelid, et enutrit sub Aëto,
 Nos etiam in nostro miculatis humine expro,
 Imi rudens, Italas ans est solit re per ubi,
 Credimus obstruas noctis miculatis humine expro,
 Qua Thanaos lato pueris argenteis nunt
 Ocean glaucos portundit surgite cines
 Quin ei in has quondam pervenit Thyrsus oras
 Sed neque nos, eaus miculum, nec iuvale Phœbo,
 Quam plaga scripto miculi sulcata Triang
 Brumalem pritur longi sub nocte Boen.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos iuvale Phœbo,
 Fluvantes spicas, et inter mala canistris,
 Italiscumque crocum, et lectas Druidum nisi vana festas
 Mismus, et lectas Druidum nisi vana festas
 Heronum laudes, imitumque gesta, canebant,
 Hinc quoties festo cumqut altaria canit,
 Delo in herbosa, Giza de more puell,
 Carnihibus lætis memorat Corrida Loro,
 Faldicamque Ugin, cum flavicom, Hecabre
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora laco,
 Fortunatæ senex, ergo, quacunque por orbet
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Clavigue perpetui succrescet fama Marini;

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum
 Et parili carpes iter immortale, volutu
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates -
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad linum Musas.
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit,
 Rura Pheretiadae, caelo fugitivus Apollo,
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes,
 Tantum ubi elamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
 Peneum propè rivum - ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,
 Ad citharae strepitum, blandâ piece victus amici,
 Exili duros lenibat voce labores
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
 Emotaque suis properant de collibus omni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces
 Dus dilecte senex, te Juppiter aquus oportet
 Nascentem, et mihi lustrarit lumine Phoebus,
 Atlantisque nepos, neque enim, nisi charus ab or
 Dus superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsopos lucratur vivida fonsos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen
 O nuni, si mea sorx talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam benè nōrit,
 Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturūque etiam sub terris bella moventem !
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos heroas, et, O modo spiritus adsit,
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Mânse phalanges !
 Tandem ubi non facitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorūque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sāt erit si dicam, sum tibi cura,
 Ille meos artus, hōnti morte solutos,
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter, urna.
 Forsitan et nostros luceat de marmore vultus
 Neetens aut Paphia myrta aut Parnasside lauri

Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiesca
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego ælicolâ semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor et mens pura vibunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqui mundi de parte videbo,
 Quantum fâta sinunt; et totâ mente serenum
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam nubi latus Olympo.

✓ EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

*Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti,
 à pueriliâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis amicis
 profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Denum
 postea reversus, et tam ita esse comperio, se, sua quæ solitudinem,
 hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis cetera sub personâ hîc intelli-
 gitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Helveticæ Lucæ paterno genitè
 oriundus, cetera Anglicus, ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque ceteris
 virtutibus, dum vixit, juvenis egregius.**

HIBERNES nymphæ (ram vos et Daphnin, et Hylan
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis.)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamecina per oïquidâ carmen
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduus exercebat antra querelas,
 Fluminisque, fontèsque vagos, nemorûmq; recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
 Et totidem si vas numerabant horrea-messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbrâ,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscæ retinebat in urbe
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictâ

* Charles Deodate's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva, of an Italian family, in 1571. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth and fortune. He was a doctor of Physic, and, in 1609, appears to have been physician to Prince Henry, and the princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Bohemia. — Warlen

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ scilicquâ sub ulmo,
 Tam verò amissum, tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numini cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
 Siccine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dixit aures,
 Istâ velit, dignumquæ tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignarumque procul pecus arceat omne silenti

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus ante videbit,
 Indeplorato non communero sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honor, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores illa tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit
 Sîd quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, primumque,
 Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca sæta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub solè, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit omnis ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis,
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque, solebit?

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenue docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus aloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Au
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan aesculeû somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,
 Pastoresque latent, sterit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,

Cecropiúsque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosa densantur vallibus umbrae,
Hic serui exspecto, supra caput umber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis,
Involutuntur, et ipsa sita seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec inarteta jurant, ovium quoque taedet, at illae
Morantur, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphearibque ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulchra Amyntas,
'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidus interstiepit arbutus undas.'
Ista canunt sardo, frutices ego naetas, abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad haec, nam mo redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium lingua, et sidera Mopsus,)
'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit, 'quae te coquit improba bilis
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sepe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intusque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphae, et 'quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?' aiunt, 'non haec solet esse juvenis,
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lausque laes, et semper amorem
Jure petit bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopaeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, cithariquo suens, sed perdita fastu;
Venit Idumanni Chloris vicina fluenti
Nil me blanditum nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenes,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum.

De grege, sic densi veniunt ad prælia, quæ,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur ouagri;
 Ex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocæarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunca
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arandine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et duris exercita fatia
 Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris hora,
 Surripit æternum linguens in sæcula damnum.

Itæ domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Ille quis me ignotas traxit vagas error in oras
 Ire per aeræas rupes, Alpemque nivosa
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviisque sonantes!
 Ah certò etremum leuisset, tangere dextiam,
 Ut bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse, 'Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.'

Itæ domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam nominasse pigebit.
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiqua genus unde pelis Lucumonius ab urbe
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Armi
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herbi
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec, puto, multum
 Displicem, nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra;
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et ceræa vincla cicuta.
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina, sagos

Et Datis,* et Francinus,† erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis notis, Lydorum sanguinis ambo

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roseida luna,
Dum solus teneros clauderam cratibus hædos,
Ah quoties dixi, cum te sinus alter habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
'Heus bone ! numquid agis ! nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus ? et arguta paulùm reuolui in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colui, aut ubi iugera Cassibelauni ?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborûnque, humilcsque erocos, solùmque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista pilus herbas, artcsque medentùm
Ah pereant huius, pereant atcsque medentùm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro !
Ipse etiam, nunc nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab umilecunâ jam lœx est alterâ nocte,
Et tum fortè nouis admôrari libri cleutis,
Dissiluero tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferres graves potuere sonos subito quoque nunc sum
Targidulos, tamen et refram ; vos cecidite, silæ

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes !
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brenuûnque Arviragusque duces, prisumque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iogernem,
Mendaces vultus, arsumtque Gorlois arma,
Merlini dolus O mihi tum si vita superat,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multùm obliuia mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Britonum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mihi satis anupla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sum ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi,)

Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his
return to England
Ant Francini. Vide Testimon p 109.

Si me flava comas legat Usa, et pōtor, Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abri, et nemus omne Treanta,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant, Orcades undis.
 Ita domum, impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus.
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, miram artis opus, mirandus et ipse;
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Lattora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Auroram vitreis surgentium respicit undis,
 Parte aliâ polus omnipotens; et magnus Olympus,
 Quis putat? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube phœtræ,
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
 Hinc ferit, at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in electum spargit sua tela per per orbes
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardeæ sacræ, formæque decorum
 Tu quoque in his; nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certæ es, nam quod tu dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quod tua candida virtus
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra
 Itæ procul, lacrymæ, purum colit æthæra Damon,
 Æthæra purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
 Heroûmque animas inter, diysque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster ois Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ norint, silvisque vocabere Damon
 Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventu
 Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginæ servantur honores,
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,

Lætæque frondentis gestans umbricula palma,
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos,
 Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra ministris beatiss,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos

Jan 23, 1640

AD JOANNEM ROUSTUM, OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ
 BIBLIOTHECARIUM *

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi deinde nulli postulabat, id
 cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publicâ reponebat, Ode.*
 Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, una deperit
 Epodo clausis; quas, ta nels omnes nec versuum numero, nec
 certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ista tamen secum, com-
 nodè legendi potius, q idm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes Alioquin hoc genus rectius scripsisset dici non
 trophicum. debuerat. Metra partim sunt extra, partim
 Phalerica quæ sunt, Syonidicum testis loco his
 admittunt, quod idem in sc.ulo loco Catullus ait libitum fecit.

Strophe I

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminis,
 Munditiæque nitens non operosa !
 Quem manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamèn haud nimis poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per nimbros,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
 Insons populi, barbitæque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

Antistrophe

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subdixit reliquis dolo ?
 Cùm tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

* John Rouse, or Russe, Master of Arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford,
 was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1630 He died in April,
 1652, and was buried in the chapel of his college — *Warton*

Illustre tendebas iter
 Thāmesis ad incunabula
 Cœrulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
 Orbi notas per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celebratque futurus in ævum?

Strophe II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Sì satis noxas lumen priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium,)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegate sine sedo Musas
 Jam pendè totis sibus Angligenum,
 Immundisque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes,
 Fugat Apollineis pharetrâ,
 Phœneamque abigat pestem procul amno Pegaseo?

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libello, nuntii licet mala
 Fide, vel oscitantia,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unda vili
 Cælo tereris institoris lusula,
 Lætare felix en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
 Fugare Lethen, velique superam
 In Jovis aulam, remigè pennâ.

Strophe III.

Nam te Rouisus sui
 Optat peculi, numerusque fasto
 Sibi pollicitum queratur alaso;
 Rogatque venias ille, cujas inclita
 Sunt datæ virum monumenta clava:
 Tæque adytis cœnam sacris

Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse presidet,
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gaze nobilioris,
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvæque tripodas, donisque Delphicæ;
 Ion, Actææ gemitus Crausæ

Antistrophe.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos;
 Dîamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniæ quam valle colit,
 Delo posthibita,
 Eridæque Parnassi jugo.
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam te quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri præce sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Græce simul et Latine
 Antiquæ gentis lumina, et verum decus,

Epicæ

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidari sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes,
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,
 Quod neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentium prava facesset,
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas,
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit, integro sinu
 Tum, liore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Rousio favente

ITALIAN SONNETS

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honori
 L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non inamora,
 Che dolcemente mostrà si di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don' che son d'amor saetta ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s' infiora,
 Quando tu vagà parli, o lieta canti
 Chè moyer possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi cuseun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi,
 L' entrata, chi di te si rinnovà indegno,
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, manti
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L' àvezza giovinetta pastorella,
 Va bagnando l' herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E l' bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno
 Amor lo vòlse, ed io a l' altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai vòlse indarno
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donno e giovanî amoro-
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana,
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi,
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guirlandon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchi soma f
 Canzon dritti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, o 'l suo dir, é il mio onore
 Puesta a lingua di cui si vanta Amoro,

III

DIODATI, e te 'l duò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solca
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabbén talhor s' impiglia,
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M, abbaglian Sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellagrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

IV

PER certo i beî vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio solo
 Sì mi percuotum forte, come ei suole

Per l' arene di Labia chi s' invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mio duolo,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia
 Parle rinchiusa, e turbida al cel
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno o s' aggluaccia, o s' ingiela
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piove
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose

V.

GIOVANE piano, e simplicitto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
 Farò divoto, io certo a prove tante
 L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante
 Do pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono
 Quanto rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono
 S' amara di se, e d' altri duramente
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor muse l' insanabil ago *

Cowper has very elegantly translated these sonnets.

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